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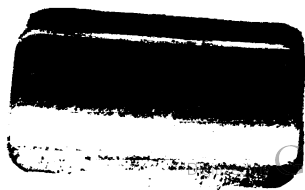
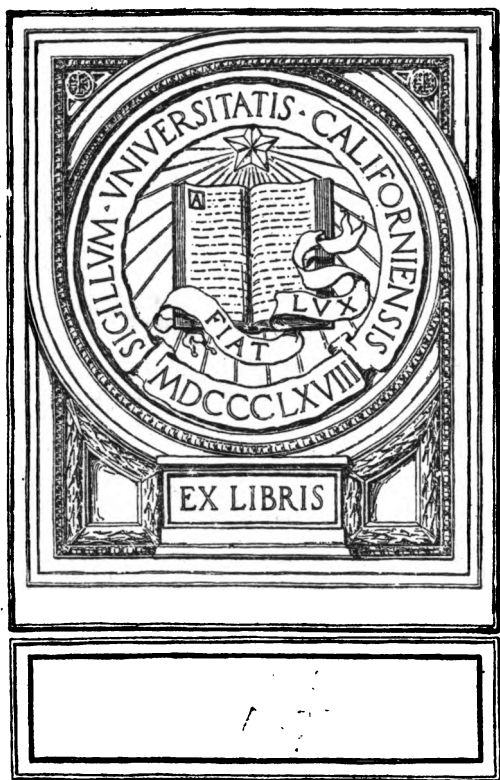
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# The Inverted Torch

and Other Poems

Samuel John Alexander











# The Inverted Torch

AND OTHER POEMS.





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AND OTHER POEMS

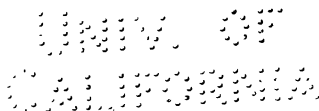
BY

SAMUEL JOHN ALEXANDER

SAN FRANCISCO

A. M. ROBERTSON

1912



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**THE ARGONAUT PRESS**

TO MR. J. H. HARRIS  
AND HIS WIFE

The publishers of the *Century*, *Sunset*, *Out West*, and the *Smart Set* have kindly permitted the author to include in this volume several of his poems that had appeared in these magazines, and their courtesy is here gratefully acknowledged.



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## DEDICATION

Welcome, my masters! Ye be come to buy  
 At market prices, and with due regard  
 To your own interest, lest ye should award  
 For such commodity a price too high,  
 A Soul. Then, marry, such to sell have I.  
 Yet, as 'tis somewhat time and passion marred,  
 God wot, ye shall not find my dealing hard;  
 For sell I must, so will it please ye try?  
 Here be strange wares, intangible and frail;  
 Some tarnished tinsel from some Cloth of Gold;  
 A bursted bubble from a fairy tale;  
 Some bitter memories of a birthright sold;  
 A talent buried deep beyond avail;  
 An ancient promise, unfulfilled from old.

TO THE  
LIBRARY

## THE INVERTED TORCH

I have paused at Thy Shrine in the porch  
Where the acolytes kneel and adore,  
But I went from their midst, who am more  
To the Innermost Holies that scorch  
With the flame of Thy Torch.

Yea, My Lord, I have held them apart  
From the red dripping fingers of Life  
I have held them above in the strife,  
And I vow Thee my soul and my heart  
In the shrine where Thou art.

I have lifted my soul to the vow,  
And my heart rises up nothing loath  
Though Thou claimest the vow and the oath,  
By the splendour of God on my brow  
Though Thou claimest them now.

Shall I fear Thee, My Lord? Shall I fear?  
When the torrent of life is repressed,  
By Thy hand on my brow and my breast,  
Thou, visibly, audibly near  
To the eye and the ear.

I have served where the light was withdrawn,  
I have sowed for a harvest of wrath,  
And the whirlwind hath reaped in my path

But Thy Torch was a splendour thereon  
And the Promise of Dawn.

Though the Sun God belated shall twine  
In the rue for my forehead, a leaf  
Of His laurel, to mock at my grief  
I will turn to the Torch in Thy shrine  
And its splendour divine.

## OUR LADY OF SORROWS

TO SAN FRANCISCO.

She stood in Her tattered purple, and called to them each  
by name;  
And Her words swept out on the winds and girdled the  
earth with a flame.  
Oh, the North and the South were quickened; the East  
and the West were stirred;  
And the blood flushed up in their cheeks; their souls  
flashed up to Her word.  
And they came from lands far sundered, that a world  
away divides,  
And the deserts rose against them and the Gods of the  
winds and tides;  
But they swept above and beyond them and came to the  
Golden Gate  
Of the House of a Thousand Pillars, where Our Lady of  
Sorrows sate;  
And of old from its halls of banquet a myriad shining  
lights  
Streamed through the purple shadows, from a score of  
star-crowned heights.  
But the walls were fallen asunder, and the pillars lay  
overthrown;  
And thrice a Queen for Her sorrows, She sate on a fallen  
stone;  
For Her court was held in the open; Her throne was set  
on the Way



That stretches its breadth of splendour from Twin Peaks  
down to the bay;  
And Her robes were soiled and tattered, their purple  
dimmed with the smoke,  
But they knelt in the ashes around Her, and kissed the  
hem as She spoke.  
And She said: "I am She who was set at the marches of  
sea and of land,  
With the crowns of the world on my brow, and girt with  
the sword of command;  
And the many come to my doorways; they enter, abide  
and pass  
Like shadows on wind-driven waters, or seeds from the  
wind-shaken grass.  
Though the Gods play at quoits with my hills, though  
Titans creep up to the lure,  
Yet I watch unafraid from my heights in the centre of  
things that endure.  
Ye are lords in your far lying lands and great in your  
lordships, yet still,  
Ye are tools of the Gods to my hands to hew to the lines  
of My Will;  
From nethermost deeps I have called; ye have followed  
the path of the sun;  
Ye are four where your rule is supreme; but to serve and  
obey me but one.  
Yet with rending and riving of earth the old order passes  
away;  
Ye were liegemen on yesterday's heights, but brothers in  
deeps of today.

And as sister to brother I charge ye, go forth from me  
now to your lands,  
That ye dazzle the eyes of the Gods with the gifts of your  
brotherly hands;  
That the sails, like a white-crested torrent, stream out on  
the limitless blue,  
With the gifts that shall top and exceed and better the  
best that I knew;  
That my house, reëstablished, shall rise four square to the  
corners of earth,  
With Honour to circle the walls, and with Beauty to shine  
at the hearth;  
That the pillars befluted and carved like a forest of marble  
arise,  
And the domes like a rainbow of bubbles float over them  
into the skies.  
As the flick of a whip on the cheek, that brings the red  
flush through the tan,  
I adjure ye to this by the all that may quicken the pulse  
of the Man;  
By the bond of the human between us; by Honour, the  
rock that abides  
In the turbulent ocean of life, midst the shifting of sands  
and of tides;  
By the Day when our souls shall be weighed in the bal-  
ance, unclothed and unshod,  
By the Spirit Divine in the man, and the Absolute Splen-  
dour of God."  
She spoke and they heard Her in silence; but sudden their  
faces went white,

They were dumb from a stress of emotion, and pale from  
excesses of light.  
And they spoke no word to Her speaking, but bowed with  
their heads in the dust,  
With a promise, a prayer and a vow to compass the heights  
of Her trust.  
So they went from Her presence and parted, and hastened  
each one to his land,  
That their tribute, thrice trebled, might thunder a torrent  
of gold to Her hand.

## OUR LADY OF VICTORIES

TO LOYAL SAN FRANCISCANS WHEREVER THEY MAY DWELL.

Flung from off our Mother's Bosom, we have wandered  
from Her side,  
The hills rise up between us and long level leagues divide,  
But wherever we may roam  
Yet our hearts are still at Home,  
And She holds them in Her Keeping, where the gaunt and  
shattered Dome  
Wraps the ocean mists about it, in its hurt and angry  
pride.

We have built our household altars on the Padres' Royal  
Way  
That dallies with the shining hills, that loiters with the bay,  
Where the spendthrift Morning spills  
Floods of light upon the hills  
From his brimming golden flagons, that the patient Night  
refills,  
On the Alameda hills that guard the gateways of the  
Day.

God, with loving purpose lingered o'er the primal solitude,  
Smiled content upon His handiwork and "Saw that it was  
good."

And the radiance of His Smile  
Lingers o'er each shining mile  
Of the green and lustrous valley, and the redwoods clois-  
tered aisle,

Over marshland and o'er meadow, over mountain and  
o'er wood.

But Her children claim their Birthright; they have written  
large their claim

In the Sybil's book of Destiny, escaping from the flame.

By our claim of Birth and Blood,

By Her claim of Motherhood,

We shall claim our Right inherent, long withheld and  
long withstood,

To the deep sky-filling thunder of Her great, historic  
Name.

A whisper on the Belmont hills; the Redwood plains were  
stirred;

The Woodside mountains bent their crests of lofty pride,  
and heard;

And a sudden splendour broke

O'er the San Mateo oak,

And it tossed its arms on high to grasp a rainbow, as She  
spoke,

With the Promise of Her Coming, long desired and long  
deferred.

By the shadow of Her Midnight, writ aforetime on Her  
brow,

By the radiance of Her Morning, shining full upon Her  
now,

By red dripping Spear and Rod,

By the Pathway that He trod

When the hills were rent asunder by the dying cry of  
God,  
She hath pledged Her Soul on high in recognition of Her  
vow.

By all things that man holds holy, She shall surely come  
to them,  
In Her robes of Royal purple, with Her Regal diadem,  
And the haughty light that lies  
In the depths of those dark eyes  
Shall grow mellow as the moonlight in the dusk of tropic  
skies,  
As Her children kneel about Her, clutching at Her gar-  
ment's hem.

Majestically moving from the reestablished throne,  
Her feet efface the painted lie upon the boundary stone;  
For Her Faith and Love abide  
To Her Own, that scattered wide,  
See Her myriad watch fires flicker from the quiet country  
side.  
SHE COMES ACROSS THE ALIEN FIELDS TO CLAIM AGAIN HER  
OWN.

## THE HALLS OF FANCY

These are the lofty and far-reaching halls  
Whose light and airy walls  
Are built of stuff of dreams;  
With ever-changing, iridescent gleams  
Of sunlight and star shining and moonbeams;  
And lit from that far height  
That lies beyond the tides of day and night.

These are the charmed pinnacles that rise,  
Piercing enchanted skies;  
Up from the glamour thrown  
By seven-hued rainbows of the corner stone;  
Up through the purple silences, star sown,  
To the far Central Throne  
Of Him, Who Reigns All Knowing and Unknown.

Put off thy shoes from thee and veil thy face;  
This is His Holies Place.  
Let but the Levite stand  
With reverent face, and touch with hallowed hand  
The Ark that bears the Covenant of the land;  
That seals our right to rise  
Above the brute, with seraphs of the skies.

Oh, thou, my soul, awake to a new birth.  
Put off thy robes of earth.  
Stand naked and unshod  
Within these Holy Halls, where late hath trod

The Visible Presence of the Soul of God.  
Cleanse thou thyself, that pure,  
Thou mayst contain the Infinite, yet endure.

Build thyself shining ladders of Heartbreak,  
My Soul, whereby to take  
Yon heaven-distant star,  
That beckons thee with smiling face from far,  
To the High Halls where the Immortals are.  
Let yon remotest sun  
Weave thee a path to the Ineffable One.



## THE WEAVER

The Weaver, weaving in a silent room  
The iridescent web of Fancy's loom,  
That opaline and changing Cloth of Gold,  
For his soul's ransom, with his soul's sweat told;  
With reverent awe, with foaming of the lips  
He drew his dream forms from the black eclipse  
Of primal voids. He saw his work unroll,  
Compelled and guided by the Oversoul.  
He fed the loom thread after shining thread,  
His flying hand a Hand diviner led.  
Exulting colors, ecstasies of light  
Reft from some God on his forbidden height;  
All lights, all shadows and all melodies;  
All discords trumpeted by winds and seas.  
All evanescent odors that are met  
Within the faded chaplet of Regret;  
A devil's prayer, that blistered where it fell  
And hell smut drifted on the smoke of hell;  
A drop of sunlight from a dewy lawn,  
Spilled from the golden flagon of the dawn;  
A saint's desire, more white than shining wool;  
The Scarlet Soul of the Sin Beautiful;  
Flotsam and jetsam drifted to his hand,  
Wreckage of all men's souls, from no man's land.  
And good or ill, his fingers wove it in.  
The God compelled; it ever must have been.  
He leaned his soul to listen; not to miss  
God's whisper, speaking in the serpent's hiss;

He heard His trumpet from a far off height  
When the red lightning stabbed the heart of night;  
His soul's ear heard; he trembled and rejoiced  
In varying tones of God, the Many Voiced.  
A deeper silence on the silence falls;  
A deeper shadow on the shadowed walls;  
God and the Weaver and a silent loom,  
And shadows dripping blackness on the gloom  
Above his finished work; and over all  
God's Shadow thrown above him as a pall,  
Starlit, sun flaming, with its glooms unfurled  
Between him and the shadow of the world.  
And his work blossoms purple, gold and red,  
And the white face above it of the dead.  
The Weaver's web is woven; let him keep  
Between the eve and dawn his tryst with sleep.

## THE PAGAN'S PLEA

Thou Knowest! Oh, Thou Knowest! Thou!  
Jehovah, Buddha, Jove, or Lord,  
To Whom all men with one accord,  
At diverse altars pay their vow,

Thou Knowest! Oh, Thou sad-browed Christ,  
Or be Thou God, or be Thou Man,  
How I with bleeding feet outran  
Thy Faith, which not my soul sufficed.

My soul, attuned to Arcadie,  
Drank discord in the city street;  
I dreamed of Latmos—and my feet  
Were bloody upon Calvary.

I, also bruised with bloody rods,  
Turned unto These, Incarnate Joy.  
Gods with the light heart of a boy,  
And Beauty in the guise of Gods.

## THE DENIED CHRIST

Oh, Face Divinely Human, grave and tender,  
Deep-lined whereon I trace  
Sad thoughts, that mar the else ineffable splendour  
We might not dare to face;

Why comest Thou at night, when dews of healing  
Should visit my sad eyes,  
Thy robes ungirt, half hiding, half revealing  
The wounds of sacrifice.

Lord, Lord, I see the beauty of Thy Being,  
And of Thy Words that shine  
Star-like across dim ages; but the seeing  
May never make me Thine.

The solemn, sacred service of Thy Preaching  
Lies patent to mine eyes.  
Yet what my soul might gather of Thy Teaching  
My Pagan heart denies.

I, also, from a Calvary exceeding,  
I, scourged with bloody rods,  
Turn from Thy Passion and Thy Brother Pleading  
To my remembered Gods.

For I am Greek of Star-Crowned Hellas, lying  
An emerald, sun kissed

Beneath her skies of sapphire, vainly vying  
With seas of amethyst.

Still must I hear in western woodlands ringing  
The Syrinx pipes of Pan;  
Striking old chords of recollection, bringing  
My vales Arcadian.

Still must some Pagan Almond Flower of Beauty  
To which my heart shall cling  
Bloom from the barren Aaron's rod of duty  
In perfect blossoming.

## CLOTH OF GOLD.

God, the Giver, wove the gracious Cloth of old.  
Maculate, perchance, and sullied, but His Royal Cloth of  
Gold.

And He wove it to the flashing  
Of His lightnings, and the crashing  
Of His thunders, splitting open the impenetrable gloom.  
His Divine Foreordination  
Lit the path of tribe and nation  
Flashing from His flying shuttles and the thunder of His  
loom.

God hath willed it from the primal dawn, and still  
All the ages sweat their blood and tears in furtherance  
of His Will.

He hath Willed that heights supernal  
Rise above the plains; eternal,  
Lest the Star of Splendour pale its fires, and Glory pass  
away;

That the soul of man might quicken;  
Lest the soul of man should sicken  
In the stagnant lower levels and a monotone of gray.

God hath given! Woe to him whose hands profane  
The Inviolable Cloth of Gold Where His Anointed reign.

For His Cloth of Gold before them,  
Flung about them, rising o'er them,  
Is the canopy of Princes and a carpet to His Feet.  
Where He comes with light unfailing,  
Comes with comfort and availing,  
Where the King of Kings above them and His earthly  
Regents meet.

## VIRGINIA'S GIFT

Two! Two of her sons and yet one had sufficed;  
O'er topping the height of the nation's behest;  
Two first born and noblest. Bear witness, oh, Christ,  
Of the sons that she suckled in pride at her breast  
She gives us the best.

Lo, these are her jewels; the Virgin of Wars  
Hath set them above in the heavens for a sign,  
For a Promise and Portent of Peace midst the stars,  
Of hatred and discord grown dimmer, that shine  
From south of the Line.

Let the virgins go forth with the lamps in their hand;  
With the gifts of the times let the wise men adore.  
As a God in her giving, she proffers the land  
The Star Shining Most of the opulent More  
Of sons that she bore.

## THE OLD SOUTH TO THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN

Full reverently, and with contrite heart,  
Of that great Whole, we come to claim a part.  
The land's Great Tribune, faithful to his trust,  
All Merciful, All Patient, and All Just.  
Time, the great alchemist, hath thrown within  
His crucible, some portion of our sin.  
His solvent, the all comprehending touch  
Of Human in This Man, availeth much  
To melt the baser metals, hate and scorn,  
Corroding envy and a pride outworn;  
Touched with a Christ-like tenderness, behold,  
He gives them back to us refined gold.  
Which gold of Love, perchance, may serve to pay  
Our tithes, too long withheld from him, today.  
Content yourself, not lightly do we change;  
And changed to him, yet we do not estrange  
Ourselves from that we are, and shall remain,  
Though all the future plead to us in vain.  
The high and haughty humor of the blood  
We drew from Mother England, stands us good.  
In rock-ribbed stubbornness, we hold our place  
Within the old traditions of our race.  
Our fathers served the King across the sea;  
We, for the same Lost Cause, drew swords with Lee.  
We stand, and still shall stand as we have stood,  
The heirs and guardians of the Ancient Blood.  
The purple shadows of our past are thrown  
About his light, and still the light is shown,



The clearer for the shadows, we must yield  
To him, the last fruits of an outworn field.  
The half-unwilling homage, wrenched apart  
And crowned, above the passions of our heart.  
We may not follow in his steps of light;  
But we may watch and worship in the night.  
I think that the All Human in This Man,  
Lest that the All Divine should mar His plan  
With a too high perfection, over bright,  
Too fiercely blinding for our mortal sight,  
Still draws him to us, nearer and more near.  
More perfect, were too perfect, and less dear.  
We love him for himself, and for the flaw  
That sets his steps with ours in Nature's law.  
Flawed with the old familiar flaw from birth,  
The fond, sweet Birthmark of our Mother Earth.  
South of the South, within our veins there runs  
Mixed with our blood, the blood of Southern suns.  
We give not lightly; giving, give our whole,  
The undivided all of heart and soul.  
Now, in his full-leafed coronet of praise  
We come to lay, among the palms and bays,  
Our Southern Olive, the most dearest trust,  
That time may lay above his sacred dust.  
Late won, our Love goes with it, and if late,  
He, who hath won Eternity, may wait.

## THE ANGRY RED STAR

TO AMBROSE BIERCE.

Up from the West I saw it rise;  
I watched and worshipped from afar;  
Not Peace on earth proclaimed the Star,  
The Angry Red Star of the skies.

In darkened skies it set its rule.  
They fled before the fiery sign;  
It pierced with influence malign  
The triple armor of the fool.

War, war, a just and righteous war!  
Its flaming lances in and out  
Flashed their ensanguined lights about  
The altars where the false priests are;

Whose shrines the ancient shrines supplant;  
Who kneeling, bind about their face  
Phylacteries of the Commonplace,  
Wherewith to seek the Great God Cant.

\* \* \* \* \*

That cold, inclement breast of Art  
I touched, and found it but the sheath  
To hide in deeper depths beneath  
Thy warmly red and human heart;

Which bade a doubting heart maintain  
Its birthright of celestial fire;  
And bade an ancient height aspire  
Above the levels of the plain.

Through all my paths of unsuccess,  
In the black dungeons of my night,  
Thy Words were still the dawning light  
Escaping from the dark's duress;

That shining on my height unwon  
A beacon fire of Promise burned,  
To which I held, to which I turned,  
As Parsees to the risen sun.

Oh, if my soul may hope to rise  
In some new light of some new dawn,  
Round after broken round upon  
My Jacob's ladder to the skies,

I, though upon its topmost round,  
Will pause and give my thanks at length  
To thy strong soul which gave me strength,  
And set my feet above the ground.

I thank the Gods, who gave me grace  
To link my lesser name with thine;  
With thy reflected light to shine,  
Although but for a moment's space.

## THE CRY OF THE HUMAN

We were near to each other a moment, and nearer we  
were that I saw  
The touch of the Human upon you, and loved you for  
stain and for flaw.  
We were dear to each other a moment, but now you have  
grown from me far,  
And bright as the lance of the Sun God, and clean as the  
light of a star.  
The sound of your name has grown holy; I falter it under  
my breath.  
Can you hearken that cry of the Human, flung back  
through the gateways of death?  
Though I add to my stature a cubit, though I clasp to the  
breast for my own  
The belt of yon hunter in heaven, could I reach you to  
where you have grown?  
Though out of the depths I approach you, and draw down  
your soul to my touch,  
Can I bid it be you as I knew you, and hold it and love it  
as such?  
Shall I seek you, who held you the dearest, where the  
lilies blow cold and white  
On margins of motionless waters, in the perfect and pas-  
sionless light,  
Where the hymns rise up heavy like incense, and the harps  
and the viols are strung?  
I want you again as I knew you, with the earth stain on  
heart and on tongue.

I want you again as I saw you, when booted and spurred  
and astride,  
You sat with your knee on the pommel, a-flush from the  
heat of the ride.

You rode through the gates of the morning, and a breeze  
of the dawn, as you came,  
Breathed on life's smoldering embers, and stirred the wan  
ashes to flame.  
You came as the breaking of daylight, through the  
branches of blossoming trees,  
And the desert of life became vocal with the voices of  
birds and of bees.  
And the hands of the spring, in their weaving, had woven  
you garments of joy,  
And your wine of the summer ran over from the jeweled  
gold cup of the boy.  
Oh, stranger, in Strangerland yonder, new god, with the  
old feet of clay,  
Were dearer the roses that faded, and the loves that went  
out with the day?  
Do you weary of harp and of viol and the droning of pas-  
sionless tunes,  
And the heavy, barbaric splendour, through the heavy,  
unchanging noons?  
'Tis noon in the courtyards of Heaven, unbegot of the  
kiss of the sun,  
And the souls pass up without shadow, for the noon and  
the night are as one.  
There is light in the ultimate heavens, fathomless, blinding  
and white.

Oh, boy that I loved in the foretime, engulfed in abysses  
of light,  
Do you shrink from the pitiless splendour, and clutch at  
the jewel lit bars,  
And sigh your soul into the distance to the best beloved  
star of the stars?

“THESE CHRISTS THAT DIE UPON THE  
BARRICADES”—1871

In the days when the brimming cup of guilt  
That France replenished, ran o'er and spilt  
Turbulent torrents of bloody waves,  
Bearing her sons to nameless graves,  
And the insolent ghost of Ninety-Three  
Walked in the open for all to see,  
In the faithless city strange things were done,  
That man might flee from and devils shun.  
And Paris arose, half God, half beast,  
And the beast sprang up, the God decreased;  
And she went forth in the night and stood  
With the jungle taint hot in her blood;  
With the frantic eyes of one who knew  
Ninety-Three and Bartholomew;  
With soul of a devil, flawed and scarred,  
Diamond bright and diamond hard;  
And the Leash of God but scarce repressed  
The tiger's heart in her human breast.  
And the devil beat his loud rappel  
For recruits from San Antoine—and hell.  
And the grim old saint threw off his gray,  
And stood like a galliard gallant, gay  
In insolent colour, vibrantly red,  
Like a Gabriel's trumpet over the dead.  
And the soul of the devil flashed hell warm  
And hell red over the hell black storm,  
And answered the hell shriek of the cry,

"On to the Barricades! Kill and Die!"  
Oh, Christ of Cavalry! Ghost of God!  
Red with the wound of nail and rod,  
Was it for This Thy Sweat and Tears  
Swept like a river adown the years,  
Gulfed and lost in the black abyss  
And crimson flood of a day like this.  
Yet if demons, devil released from hell,  
They fought like Gods; like Gods they fell;  
And the Splendid Madness of their cause  
Flashed up star high above human laws;  
Guilt with a crown of light, star sown,  
Murder Majestic upon a throne.  
Pushed from their foothold inch by inch,  
They fell in their tracks, but did not flinch;  
Did not flinch when the cannon came  
Vomiting death from throats aflame;  
They died like heroes, and knew not why;  
And who shall question man's right to die?  
And ever above, their flags flashed red,  
A hell flame menace o'er quick and dead.  
And the men who threw the dice with God  
Stood in the last red ditch, red shod,  
With red hands raised for the final throw  
Of loaded dice that must turn up low.  
Their soul's strength propped the broken wall  
Of the Barricade, crumbling to its fall;  
They stood like a rock, and felt it reel,  
Swept by a tidal wave of steel;  
Stood in a phalanx, strong but thin



When the wall broke down, the storm rushed in;  
Breasts full front to the flood that came  
A spray of steel on a wave of flame,  
They sank submerged, but did not yield  
To the torrent sweeping across the field.  
And then, as a ray of light divides  
The sullen torment of tortured tides,  
Came from their midst a boy, who stood  
In that horror haunted welter of blood  
As breath and dew of the Dawn that fell  
Like balm on that gaping wound of hell.  
Hand to his brow he stood at salute,  
All blood bespattered, a fair young shoot  
Of the Tree of Treason, from bitter root.  
A gypsy blossoming wildly sweet,  
Grown in the garden of slum and street,  
And a dozen years on his brow grew scant,  
And a trebled measure of woe and want.  
And he claimed, with the light heart of his race,  
From the hands of Death a moment's grace;  
A reef of Time, wherefrom to see  
The ocean of All Eternity;  
Leave to go to his home near by,  
To go with Life, to return to die.  
And the leader smiled from eyes heart-warm  
At the boyish face and slender form;  
He was well content that the boy should draw  
The one white lot from the outraged law;  
And with tender gruffness he bade him on,  
"Go to the devil and keep thee gone."

And the boy's eyes flashed and his cheek flushed red  
In his wounded pride, as he turned and said:  
"Pardon, my captain, you jest; but I  
Will surely return in time to die."  
And grimly and gladly the captain drew  
The lots of Fate for the captured few;  
And Death laughed loud as he held the sack  
The lots were drawn from, for all were black.  
For these were the lots of Fate for all,  
To stand together against a wall,  
To stand for a time—for all time to fall;  
Riddled with shot, and thrown to drench  
With the blood of traitors, a shallow trench.  
Brutal, blood-stained, braggart, but Brave!  
They carried their valour unto the grave,  
And flung a jest with their dying breath  
To ruffle the majesty of Death.  
And suddenly rose above the noise  
In silver treble, a boyish voice,  
Thin and clear and distinct and sweet  
Over the riot upon the street;  
The cry of Honour from heights of Pride,  
The cry of Humanity, Deified.  
"A moment, my captain, 'tis only I,  
Back again just in time to die."  
And the tumult ceased, and the silence fell  
Of God's Truce over that seething hell;  
And captor and captive, with dim eyes  
Bent to a vision from o'er the skies,  
And over life's flaw beheld it pass,

Walls of jasper and seas of glass,  
Palms of Victory, Lilies worn  
On Mary's Bosom when Christ was born,  
What man loves best, and holds most high  
Were met in the boy returned to die;  
Glowing, triumphant, and out of breath,  
'The Royal Guest at this feast of Death.  
As a poet priest, or a painter paints  
The glorified images of saints,  
Where the sodden gray of life is told  
In glowing colours and words of gold,  
So the barefoot boy grew up August  
As a King's Son, guarding his Gallant Trust;  
Prince, above Prince of an ancient line,  
Royal in tatters—by Right Divine;  
Clothed in his Spirit Radiance,  
Highest and Noblest, First Born of France.  
So he stood with the men against the wall,  
Brave as a man, and half as tall;  
A thief, peradventure, but if a thief,  
One who was brave beyond belief;  
If a thief, a thief who titanic grew  
On heights of the spirit into the blue;  
If a thief, a thief to whom Honour came  
With the God's Gift hidden in smoke and flame.  
And Death for a moment stayed his hand  
Ere he waved them forth to the unknown land;  
And stood still, tranced for a moment's space,  
Blinded by Splendour flung in his face;  
Never before such light was drawn

From the founts of God beyond the dawn  
To fall on the ways of San Antoine.  
And never before a boy hath trod  
Such Royal Purple through Death to God.  
And the savage voice of Duty spoke,  
And the rifles answered through flame and smoke.  
Or bronze, or brass, or marble bleeds  
With words red dripping from gallant deeds,  
Deeds of heroes with sword and lance,  
Heroes of History and Romance  
Who fought for Honour, and fell for France.  
And the brass might laugh in exultant joy,  
Writ with the God's deed of the Boy,  
And the marble soften like wax to claim  
The indelible impress of his name.  
Now, the leash of Order, tighter drawn,  
Strangles the soul of San Antoine;  
And the tree with madness at its root,  
That bore for a day such golden fruit,  
Withered and dead and lopped away  
Lies in the bare, bleak light of day.  
And the Barricades no more are built  
By Radiant Madness and Splendid Guilt.  
But in San Antoine is Holy Ground,  
And here comes Honour, by Glory crowned,  
Where he threw his boy's all into the strife,  
His tattered and trampled Toy of Life.  
Ah, little Hero, with soul of flame,  
Where is the daybreak of thy Name  
To be largely written above by Fame;

To light the pathway of sun and star,  
To light our sordid earth from afar;  
The Torch of God, with its light intense,  
Overshining Magnificence.  
And the world forgets it; but I suppose  
SOME ONE, Somewhere, Remembering Knows.

## MARIE ANTOINETTE

Hastens Night o'er star-sown summits, but her pallid  
brows are drawn  
Tense in lines of frightened anguish; and her feet tread  
hard upon  
Feet reluctant, halt and trembling, the unwilling feet of  
Dawn.

In that hour of august anguish when a God hung on the  
tree  
All the cosmic forces trembled; so they tremble now to  
see  
The accursed hour in birth pangs of this woman's Calvary.

Where is God? Oh, where is He Who set this woman's  
feet upon  
Cloth of purple, golden blazoned, and the footsteps of a  
throne,  
That the splendour of her form might faintly figure forth  
His own.

Where is God and where His Anger, that apocalyptic ire  
Sweeping o'er His fields of harvest, when the wings of  
Mercy tire;  
While the guilty stubble shrivels in its seven-times-heated  
fire?

France has fiefed enfranchised Freedom, and the sovereign  
people claim

Royal blood to drench the altar they have builded in her  
name.

Name of God invoked by devils, may it scorch them with  
its flame!

Hark! the jackals of the sewers hasten onward to their  
prey;

Faggots from the devil's burning, spurned from hell, and  
gone astray;

And the harlot, drunk with blood, shall drink of dearer  
blood today.

Nothing doubt their brutish souls were filled with anger  
and surprise

At the haughty pride that slumbered in the depths of  
those sad eyes,

When the victim went a victor to the place of sacrifice.

For the costly vase is shattered, and the sacred blood is  
spilt;

And the last black stone is set upon the house their hands  
have built;

And the crimson knot is woven in the altar cloth of Guilt.

Open wide, ye gates of darkness, where the damned in tor-  
ments dwell

Shut to Hope with triple portals, when the son of Morning  
fell,

That all hell rise up to meet them, when their souls go  
down to hell.

## THE SONG OF RUPERT'S MEN

There is blood on the grass,  
And a flame on the wind  
That leaps as we pass  
And follows behind;  
There's a ragged red spot  
On faces grown white,  
And eyes that see not  
Though they stare at the night.  
Let the Puritans wince  
At the gifts that we bring,  
Who follow the Prince  
For God and the King.

From the mount where He trod  
When the Tables came down,  
The finger of God  
Points the rights of the Crown.  
Now God with Our Cause  
For Our Cause is His Own,  
For the King and the Laws,  
For the Church and the Throne.  
Then out with our swords!  
Let the universe ring  
And reëcho our words  
For God and the King.

And here's to Another  
With glasses brimmed high,



The friend and the brother  
Who gives us to die.  
If Life shall betray  
With a sycophant's breath,  
Then huzza for the day  
Of Honour and Death.  
Come he soon, come he late,  
We care not, who fling  
Our defiance to fate  
For God and the King!

# TO THE MEMORY OF ALFRED TENNYSON

THIS DEDICATION OF THE "DIVINE MESSAGE."

## *An Unfinished Poem.*

Strong Soul, that human and divine,  
With radiance ineffable  
Controlled my being with a spell,  
And bade a lesser light to shine.

In one whose grief was overmuch  
Bound to base uses. One who saw  
Of his own soul the blot, the flaw,  
Yet felt upon his brow the touch,

The seal of some diviner lips,  
The fiery and the cleansing pain,  
That draws the franchised soul again  
From the black caverns of eclipse.

Yea, felt his soul a harp, whose strings  
Some God with careless fingers swept.  
Who half revealing, wholly kept  
His secret of eternal things.

And in strange moods of thought unfurled,  
Past all the subtlest laws of art,  
Felt Universal Nature's heart  
Throb through the pulses of the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forgive me, who have dared to lift  
My faltering voice in praise of Thee.  
For that it is, and can not be,  
Forgive the giver and the gift.

Forgive me, that I strive to sound  
The strings which late your hands let fall.  
Forgive me, that I tread withal,  
Though softly, on this holy ground.

For not with careless feet I stepped  
Across the grave, where long ago  
Went forth the strains of love and woe  
That make the name of Hallam wept.

But with full reverence I trod,  
As one who at the altar kneels  
Awe-stricken, while the priest reveals  
The Body and the Blood of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here hast thou set the farthest bound  
Of Sorrow's wide and waste domains;  
Past which her writ no more obtains  
Where Silent, purple robed and crowned,

She broods above the throngs that meet  
—From all the patient lands that cry  
To the inexorable sky—  
To lay their homage at her feet.

Within her sacred temple's porch,  
They come to pray or weep awhile.  
Or wait his coming with a smile,  
Who comes with his inverted torch.

But few within her holies' place  
Shall stand to draw her veil away;  
Or see the fiery splendours play,  
Or the compassion of her face.

Ah well for them, their brows forbear  
The guerdon of her glorious gain;  
Her fiery signet seal of pain,  
Her clinging chaplet of despair.

'Tis well for them, they may not know  
That anguish, human and divine,  
Which set, an altar in a shrine,  
Thy apotheosis of woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Master, for whose reverend brow  
We wrought our wreath of palms or bays,  
To whom we brought such meed of praise,  
As merely mortals might avow.

They were, who watchers of the night  
Beheld the Star rise in the east.  
They were, who bidden to the feast,  
Went forth with lamps trimmed and alight.

They were, whose hands with gladness told,  
To thee a shining rosary,  
Of gifts befitting them and thee,  
Their myrrh and frankincense and gold.

But woe to me, whose soul too late  
Hath owned the influence of the star,  
And brought my laggards gifts from far  
To lay beside the folded gate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet should I stand on English ground,  
Methinks I scarce should think it strange  
To see thee standing, without change,  
Within thy star-encircled round.

So hast thou stood within my sight,  
What time the patient stars came out,  
And kept long watch and ward about  
The sacred temples of the night.

Nay, didst thou stand before my face  
Tonight in spirit, with thy soul  
Purged of the body's gross control,  
And fetterless of Time and Space,

Impalpable unto my touch,  
But all the human shining through,  
The All Divine that veiled my view,  
I would not wonder overmuch.

Nay, scarce to see thy face beside  
A Face all tender and all grave,  
His Face, in Whom no part I have,  
The Face of Him I have denied.

For so thy being's strength compelled  
My weakness. All my first and best,  
By thy diviner soul possessed,  
By thy diviner soul upheld,

Grew from me farther and more far,  
Grew from me clearer and more clear,  
Grew to thee nearer and more near,  
The glow worm shining to the star.

Dear are the claims of blood and birth;  
I claim thee by a dearer claim,  
From thee my soul derives the flame,  
Which surely is not all of earth.

And if in these poor verses be,  
Mixed with much dross, some thought divine,  
The light with which it shines is thine,  
'Tis thine and hath its source from thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor thy deserts, nor my desires,  
Have set my little best so low,  
Which should from higher heights bestow,  
The light bestowed of heavenly fires.

For I have burst the golden bars,  
The portals of the dawn, and pressed,  
Like him of old, unto my breast  
The death-keen lances of the stars.

Might I a moment's space compel  
The God, whose fiery pulses roll  
In stormy tides about my soul,  
Half audible, half visible,

Methinks my soul is not so base  
That thou wouldst scorn the song I bring,  
Nor pass, an unregarded thing,  
My leaf amidst your palms and bays.

Of what avail, of what avail,  
From out the night no answers come.  
The voice of all the Gods is dumb;  
Old signs of hope and promise fail.

For lapped among the dews and balms  
In lotos-eating bliss they lie,  
Or drunk with slumber's wine deny  
My song their laurel and their palms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now thrice the English May hath strewn  
The hawthorn's snow upon the breeze,  
And thrice in England over seas  
The poppy's golden cup hath blown.

And thrice in Britain, east or west,  
Or old, or new, or where the day  
Steals from the night's embrace away,  
Or where the Sun God veils his crest,

The holy bells of Christmas rang -  
The angels' anthem back again;  
Their peace on earth, good will to men  
Since he hath gone from us who sang;

The song that all our soul sufficed,  
The human song, the song divine,  
Drawn from deep founts of light that shine  
With splendour of the Risen Christ.

He sang of love; and lo, the breast  
Of lovers, trembling in the bliss  
Of glorious insufficiencies,  
A higher, holier love confessed.

He sang of woe; and we who trod  
In darkened ways, knelt to avow  
The august shadow on our brow,  
The shadow of the Soul of God.

He sang of God; the conscious sky  
Grew quickened; and the light that not  
Of suns' and earths' embrace was got,  
The visible soul of the Most High



Went forth from its abiding place.  
The stars paled in that radiant dawn,  
And Mercy drew her veil upon  
Th' ineffable light we might not face.

Alas for us, our souls are less  
That part of the harmonious whole,  
The soul compelling Over Soul  
Hath left its temples tenantless.

White sheets of moonlight drifting by  
The sails of seas that lie beyond.  
The Light of England, waned and wanned,  
That some new star might shine on high.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dust unto dust. There comes a guest  
A lordly guest, who gives to keep  
The sacred burden of his sleep,  
To his own England's gentle breast.

Sleep thou thy England's soil beneath;  
And Thou, whose generous bosom bore,  
Thou high and haughty heritor  
Of this divinest trust of Death;

Oh, Britain, round whose brows are met  
The triple crowns; the trinity  
Of three in one, and one of three,  
Thy hundred warrior princes set.

Oh, England, England, his and mine!  
Oh thou whose footsteps not in vain  
Divide the vexed and vexing main,  
Majestic Mother of a line

In patience and in strength who pressed  
The steps of Freedom mounting higher,  
And fanned to flame the flickering fire  
Of sacred fury, in her breast!

Thy gracious claim of Motherhood;  
Our love that as a rock abides  
The shifting of the sands and tides,  
The righteous claim of Saxon blood,

All cry for peace. Oh, not in vain,  
Though alien hands would rend apart  
The god-laid burthen on our heart,  
Our heritage of love and pain.

To Saxon hearts where e'er they be,  
Who heart to heart, and soul to soul,  
Would keep our Saxon empire whole,  
Peace and good will across the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stand thou with us, as we with thee,  
So shall we standing side by side,  
The realm of either world divide,  
From pole to pole, from sea to sea.

Oh, splendid dream! A God's desire,  
    Drawn from deep draughts of heavenly springs,  
    And soaring on exalted wings,  
Might set its radiant bounds no higher.

An ancient right that we who trod  
    The vintage of His wrath from yore,  
    Who armed with strength and patience bore  
The delegated Will of God.

While still a festering ill prolongs  
    Its rule, and bankrupt justice fails,  
    Should throw our swords into the scales  
That balance nations' rights and wrongs.

The factor of divine events,  
    'Tis ours to loose in peace or war,  
    The crimson tangled knots that mar  
The web of His Divine Intent.

Oh, might we bind the scattered rays  
    Of Britain's glory into one;  
    Her world wide lands, which not the sun  
Forsakes in all his circling ways;

Then peace on earth, good will to men,  
    Were not an idle shibboleth,  
    Blown through the dusty lips of death,  
And drenched with Abel's blood again.

Nor Justice then a prince's fool,  
Nor Truth a servile lackey kept;  
But prince and people should accept  
God's Truth and Justice in our rule.

Then should our will to judgment bring  
A princely war lord, grown o'er bold,  
Or bid a fretful people hold  
The tryst of ages with their King.

Then on our all protecting shield  
Where frowned on gules the Gorgon's head,  
Should Truth and Justice rule instead,  
With Mercy on an argent field.

So should our gracious influence draw  
The quickened nations in our track,  
And each to each should answer back  
In common speech and righteous law.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our lands are many, star on star,  
We called them from the purple shades,  
Through desert paths and forest glades,  
We set our ancient boundaries far.

We gave our banners to the breeze,  
The seas divided and we passed;  
Our Flag from many a haughty mast  
Flung crimson lights on unknown seas.

We built in patience to endure.  
Against the years' corroding length  
We set the pillars of our strength,  
As pillars of the earth are sure.

Oh, shall we shrink in craven fears  
At the long shadows lengthening fast,  
Of this our greatness grown so vast,  
And waxing with th' increasing years!

And we, shall we whose promise seemed  
The Covenant of God with man,  
Whose splendid purpose still outran  
The all that priest or poet dreamed;

Who led the foremost van that led  
The armies of the risen day,  
Turn from the gates of dawn away  
To walk with ghouls among the dead?

And bid the evil seeds that fell  
From hands forgotten—ashes—dust,  
Spring up a crop of hate and lust  
To glut the hungry maws of hell?

Then are we lost. The moment nears.  
The serpent's subtle soul hath wound  
Its coils about the sky, and bound  
The kindly influence of the spheres.

For this were madness. This to tell  
The litany of devils taught.  
Oh, this were madness, hell begot,  
And spurned from out the gates of hell.

That gives to alien hands to reap  
The gain of our ancestral field.  
That each may win, let either yield,  
And either give, that both may keep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scourged with the angry Master's rod  
Be they who throng the venal mart  
And in His temple rend apart  
The veritable PEACE OF GOD.

May ceaseless travail still bestead  
Their path, and of the mingled flood  
Of sweat upon their brow, may blood  
Commingle with their bitter bread.

May still the pillars of Thy wrath,  
The blackening cloud of smoke by day,  
The nightly fire's consuming ray,  
With flame and blackness hedge their path.

And weltering in a guilty flood  
Of dreams, that watch with them through night,  
May wild-eyed murder meet their sight,  
Bespattered with a kinsman's blood.

And mingling ever with the groans  
And shrieks of battle, may they hear  
Throb through the ringing in their ear,  
With shrill, insistent monotonies,

A spirit whisper, keen and thin,  
Stabbed to the sense of heart and brain,  
And crying ever, "Thou art Cain,  
And none shall slay thee for thy sin."

Set Thou their bed of death where none  
Shall close the faded orbs of sight,  
But stabbed with fiery pangs of light,  
And brazen lances of the sun.

Wrench Thou the guilty soul away.  
That the death tainted body draw  
The jackals, striving tooth and claw  
With vultures, for th' accursed clay.

Oh, Thou, to Whom our prayers were poured  
In every age, to Whom was spilt  
The Guiltless Blood, to purge our guilt,  
To Thee, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,

To Thee we cry. Oh, hear us, Thou,  
Let not th' Unpardonable Sin  
Sprung from the gates of hell within  
Set her red mark upon our brow.

Nor madness stretching forth her hands,  
And groping for the light through dark,  
Set hands upon the hallowed ark  
That bears the Covenant of our lands.

May rather chaos come again,  
And death and darkness through the spheres,  
Engulf their ancient barriers,  
The little lives of Gods and men.



# GOD SAVE THE KING

TO MOTHER ENGLAND.

Mother of many men,  
Monarch in many lands,  
Mistress on many seas,  
Come now Thy sons again  
Proffering to Thy hands  
Mightier gifts than these.

These be but leaves of rhyme,  
Fragile and faded leaves,  
Formless and incomplete.  
Never the hand of Time  
Binding them into sheaves  
Lays them before Thy feet.

Comes with my less, a More;  
Comes with my least, a Most;  
Comes with my part, a Whole.  
Comes to Thine ancient shore  
Gifts from a far-off coast,  
Gifts from a Nation's Soul.

Grief, with Thy Grief to rise;  
Tears, with Thy Tears to fall;  
Hope, with Thy Hope to spring  
Into the mourning skies  
Over the dead King's pall,  
Crying, GOD SAVE THE KING.

Hark! From an ancient height,  
Jubilant, clear and high,  
Shrilly the trumpets ring  
Ring for an Ancient Right,  
With an old battle cry  
Crying, GOD SAVE THE KING.

## THE KING'S TRYST

The Tryst of Widowed Lands  
The Wider Britain keeps.  
With faltering steps She stands  
On Her exulting steeps;  
She flings Her mourning bands  
Across Her subject deeps.

The August Mother calls  
Her children o'er the tide;  
High are the ocean walls,  
The ocean walls are wide,  
But yet, what e'er befalls  
They hasten to Her side.

At Britain's high behest  
From North and South they come;  
They come from East and West  
Swift foot across the foam;  
They gather to Her breast  
When Britain calls them Home.

They come with flying feet,  
And eyes with tears grown dim;  
From East and West they meet  
Upon the world's far rim;  
They pass with footsteps fleet  
To keep their tryst with Him.

Gifts for the Royal Dead  
From all the lands that lie  
Where Britain's Zone of Red  
Is bounded by the sky.  
Peace that may still bestead,  
And Love that shall not die.

Peace! Peace be with the King.  
Let jangling faction cease.  
Above His ashes fling  
The Flower of Civic Peace.  
So from His grave shall spring  
The Star of Christ's Increase.

## THE MOTHER CALL

Today a sudden splendour falls  
On castle, cot and dome.  
The little Island Empire calls  
Her wandering children home.

The voice swept through the northern wold,  
The southern vales were stirred.  
Her thousand echoing hills retold  
The splendour and the word.

The touch, divinely tender, filled  
The awed, expectant land,  
And alien heartstrings throbbed and thrilled  
Swept by the Master hand.

The peaceful garden islands know  
The crowded camp's alarms,  
The trumpets' call, the watchfires' glow,  
The clashing of the arms.

But high, and clear and sweet, above  
The rattling of the guns,  
With Mother faith, with Mother love,  
The Mother calls her sons.

"The ocean walls are strong and wide,  
And strong and wide the sea,  
And thrice a thousand leagues divide  
My absent sons from me.

"Come, Children of the Wandering Feet,  
Where e'er your footsteps roam.  
From alien field, from stranger street,  
Your Mother calls ye home.

"I call ye from a stranger's land,  
To send ye forth again.  
I give ye with a Mother's hand  
To exile and to pain.

"I set for ye a banquet board  
Where graves are dug beneath.  
Whereat from sanguine cups is poured  
The wild, sweet wine of death."

\* \* \* \* \*

The vintage of the Lord of Hosts  
Grows ripe on hill and plain.  
Reap thou his multitude of ghosts,  
His hecatombs of slain.

Go forth, to make thy purpose good,  
Land of the Rising Sun.  
Of alien faith, of alien blood,  
Our will with thine is one.

For valour, faith and mercy move  
Beneath the tawny skin.  
And kindred thoughts and actions prove  
How close we are akin.

Young Britain of the farther east,  
Thy golden spurs but won;  
Set thee triumphant o'er thy Feast  
Thy Risen Rising Sun.

### SONNET

TO CROMWELL.

Cromwell, the deep damnation of your name  
Outblackens Satan's in his subject land,  
Where doubly damned above himself you stand  
On inaccessible mountain peaks of shame  
Crowned with all final infamies of fame,  
Upon your brow the ineffaceable brand  
Of Cain thrice trebled, by an Angry Hand  
Scorched in immortal agonies of flame.  
Methinks my Lord of Darkness shall not love  
Your overlordly shadow near him thrown.  
Will you not call your parliament to prove,  
Oh Prince of Regicides, his right your own,  
And reign above your saints as once above  
Crowned, Damned and Hated, on your usurped throne?

## ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN

I, bastard born of that new royal blood  
That God hath set a space upon the throne  
Of Norman William; he, himself, like me,  
A bastard, born of the most basest blood  
That ever smirched the scutcheon of a King  
With the bar-sinister unspeakable.  
A tanner's daughter she, Arlotta hight  
That so her name might match the what she was.  
So doth that hell-smut blotch the blazoned shield  
Of this Leander of the narrow seas,  
Bearing his fame and infamy to clip  
His England, all unwilling, to his breast.  
I, too, would woo and win, and winning, wear  
My England on my bosom. Gifts I bring  
Perchance not all unworthy her and me.  
I wis my soul, man-statured, might aspire  
To tread the circles of the titan souls  
Of the great Edwards, heaping crown on crown  
To scale the summit of a God's desire.  
Mine is the people's voice, impetuous  
To crown a King or crucify a God.  
All rights are mine, save that Diviner Right  
Through which Kings hold their fiefs from God, and reign.  
Oh, this may not be mine! I shall not hear  
The rustle of the Dove within the Tree  
With healing for the nations in its leaves.  
Oh, this may not be mine! I shall not see  
The Shadow of the Soul of God that shines



Outshining lightnings, over and beyond  
My doubtful right, that shines upon the brow  
Of Wrong Undoubted; like the gems of paste  
That light the tangles of a strumpet's hair.  
Yet who should wear the crown? Not she of Scots!  
My younger cousin, with her Elder Right;  
That White Rose, shining from a thousand thorns  
That prick me to the bosom where a heart  
Should throb in the mere woman. I, the Queen,  
Th' Incarnate Soul of England, wear no heart  
To trip the nimble leaping of my brain.  
Myself am My Own Right, wherein I see  
The utmost present and the ultimate most  
Of good that is, and good that is to be  
To all this realm of England. Oh, My Land,  
Oh, My Dear England, Mother, Spouse, and Child,  
So help me the Most High, Who hears my vow,  
Myself am consecrate and set apart  
A vestal virgin to the sacred fire  
That burns upon the altar of my heart!  
My strength shall gird thy weakness with a sword;  
My love shall light a pathway to thy feet;  
The purple of my robes shall cover thee  
To the last verge of thy extremest isle  
That stands a Maid of Honor to the Dawn,  
Or clasps the dying Sun God to her breast.  
Lo, I am I, the Queen, and with this ring,  
The shining symbol of Eternity,  
I wed thee on this night and in this place  
Where Death hath snapped the weaker links apart

That bound my sister to thee for her day.  
She hath loved much ; pray God that He forgive  
Her love that sowed the seeds of hate afar  
On wanton winds, the which ourselves shall reap  
That follow after. She hath made, in truth,  
Our England lackey in the halls of Spain,  
Serf to a tyrant master. By God's Death,  
We shall amend the master and the man  
To our complete contentment. We shall light  
A thousand candles, burning at the shrine  
Of Saint Elizabeth, the English Queen,  
Shall light our path across with-holden seas  
To Western Gardens, and their Fruit of Gold.  
The night steals on apace, the heavy night,  
For she hath watched and waited. The wan night  
Her face is pallid from a stress of awe;  
For she hath seen strange shadows rise and fall,  
And a great Shape that entered in the doors,  
And lordly strode through all these lordly halls  
Of England's Kings. The courtiers doffed their caps  
And louted low, as though the Queen did pass  
To that Majestic Presence, heralded  
By his two white-faced heralds, Pain and Fear.  
A Shadow bearing a Great Gift of Light  
To her who doffed the crown and passed with it  
Out from the radiance of the palace lights,  
The purple pomps, the gilded gauds of time,  
Into the gray and melancholy wastes,  
To reign, perhaps to serve, in those far lands  
That lie beyond the sun's light and the stars.

Oh, wert thou Tudor? Wert Plantagenet?  
Wert of our House of Atreus, drenched with blood  
Of brother brother slain, who liest white  
Grown very meek and very patient now;  
Aye, patient to my presence, who wert wont  
To love not well my crescent shadow thrown  
Between thee and thine own decrescent light.  
But this is in the night, and of the night.  
And I am of the Dawn and Fiefed of Dawn  
With a Great Fief. I look in mine own soul  
As in a mirror, and therein I see  
Nan Boleyn's base-born daughter and The Queen  
Who shall leave England greater than she found.

## THE GOLDEN ROSE

TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

White Marvel of the Rose of God,  
The Rose of Certain Peace. It blew  
As Aaron's almond blossom grew  
In beauty from the barren rod.

From death the miracle of birth;  
The Hand that strikes us down, uplifts;  
The Giver gives His Radiant Gifts  
To these, His Chosen of the earth.

And thou hast sought and found it far  
Where tropic jungles circle black  
In serpent coils about the track  
Of God's and Britain's righteous war.

'Tis well that thou whose soul hath known  
A little while, no more should know  
The fretful ages' flux and flow  
That sap the pillars of a throne.

Though Faction flap her fiery wings  
Where loyal Faith no more abides,  
Though Treason's bloody hand divides  
The purple raiment of her Kings,

Thou wilt not know. Thy all complete,  
The leaf, the blossom and the gold  
Of harvest sheaves at noonday told  
Untimely, fall at Britain's feet.

And she whose feet are steadfast in  
The paths of empire, she shall keep  
A moment tryst with Death, to weep  
The Warrior Prince that might have been.

\* \* \* \* \*

High Princess! Princess yesterday;  
Today a Widow, come too late  
To kneel beside the folded gate  
Whence none may roll the stone away.

Lo! Thou art Royal; dust indeed,  
But Royal Dust; the laboring earth  
In stronger travail gave thee birth;  
And Higher Light informed thy need.

For thou art of the stately stem  
That lifts its lofty branches high;  
The earth, their heritage; the sky,  
A royal canopy to them.

Now art thou near to us; the Touch,  
The Christ-like Touch upon thy brow  
Absolves the subjects' straightened vow  
To one who loves and sorrows much.

And we, whose father's fathers bled  
For thine, may bring our offerings  
Of sorrow to the hall of Kings,  
And mourn with thee beside thy dead.

Oh, we were brutish, misbegot,  
Nor in our veins the loyal flood  
Of unforgetting Saxon blood  
That makes us one, had we forgot

The Good Queen's gracious deed, that gave  
—The Signet Seal of Christ's Increase  
The Certain Knot of Love and Peace—  
The wreath for Martyred Garfield's grave.

Take, Madame, then from o'er the sea  
These frail and faded leaves of rhymes;  
Though they were trebled twenty times  
Alike unworthy Thine and Thee.

Yet haply may they serve to tell,  
If blown by ocean winds they fall  
Within thy ancient castle's wall,  
That Saxon love remembers well.

God's Grace go with thee to ensure  
The splendid sorrows of thy lot,  
His Patience and His Strength. "Break not,  
For thou art Royal, but endure."

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

With a battle axe for pen  
Flashed above the heads of men,  
With thy soul's poetic passion to a Berserk fury growing,  
Sir, thy words are rough hewn Facts,  
Stamping on the yielding wax  
Of our memory, thy rubric tangled in its crimson glowing.

Nothing doubt our envious bays  
Fall before thee on thy ways,  
We, man milliners of Art, who prink and prank and prune  
and polish  
At our fragile flowers of rhyme,  
Sown upon the shores of Time,  
That tomorrow's sun shall wither, and tomorrow's waves  
demolish.

Yet my soul may stand with thine  
On the heights we deem divine,  
And, grown up to equal stature, may reach out and call  
thee Brother;  
Equal by the gracious laws  
Of the kindred blood that draws  
Thee and me in adoration to the Great Majestic Mother.

We're for England! Thou and I;  
We're for England! Throned high;  
We're for England! In Her ancient robes and with Her  
antique Honour;

We're for England! At Her hearth;  
We're for England! Round the earth;  
We're for England! With Her Triple Crowns and All  
Her Crowns upon Her.

Here's to England! Glasses brimmed.  
Here's to England! With eyes dimmed  
By the stormy waves that break against the heights of our  
emotion.

Here's to England! Brother, drink,  
Standing each upon the brink  
Farther East and farthest Westward of Her tributary  
ocean.



## A DREAM OF ITALY

Peace on the earth, and on the waters Peace;  
In yonder cloudless heavens above us, Peace;  
And Peace with him who slumbers at my side,  
The boy companion of my lonely way  
To this untaken fortress of the hills  
That guards Balboa's ocean. Lo, he lies  
In that dim border and debatable land  
That owns the equal sway of those great lords  
Whom men call Life and Death. Above him now  
The shadow of their cognizance is thrown  
Or roses white, or roses red, that pale  
Or flush above the olive of his face.  
So doth he lie, a dream within a dream,  
A charmed prince in an enchanted land,  
From which myself might draw him to my side  
—The devious ways by which he went made straight  
For his returning feet—did I but place  
My hand upon his brow, become august  
With the compelling dignities of Sleep.  
And he would wake and smile, and smiling speak  
In those soft sibilant accents that I love;  
In hearing which my soul perchance would see  
The God-blown Bubble of the Lordly Dome  
That floats above the Tiber, o'er the dust  
That once was Rome—and still is Italy.  
I am not alien to this land that lies  
A wedge of emerald thrust between her walls  
Of sapphire seas. Myself am native here;

I leap the Rubicon of alien blood  
Too shallow to divide myself from Her,  
My Soul and Spirit Mother. Oh, Beloved!  
Oh, Well Beloved! Oh, Best Belovèd Thou!  
What shall I bring Thee from my human love  
That wanders lost upon the soaring heights  
Of a God's adoration? Naught but these?  
Naught but these flawed futilities of Art?  
This rainbow's ladder, broken at the base  
In seven-hued toppled steps I may not climb.  
Naught but these airy capitals that fell  
From broken columns of my hall of dreams  
Wherein my soul may never hope to dwell.  
Naught but these minor melodies of song  
That shall not reach thine ears of royalty  
Attuned to statelier measures. Naught but these?  
To lay beside the gifts the Magi bring  
From all the wider east where God is born  
Incarnate in each new-born Poet's breast.

## HENRY V OF FRANCE

King upon whose sacred brow  
    Ne'er the sacred oil was spilt,  
    In High Houses God hath built  
Over Prince and people, thou  
Standest God Anointed now.

King! A nation's cornerstone  
    That the builders threw aside,  
    Crowning guilty Regicide;  
Claimest thou on high thine own,  
Reigning on a spirit throne.

Thou, too, on thy Lupercal,  
    With a more than Cæsar's frown  
    Flung aside the people's crown,  
Unsubservient to their call  
For a crowned and sceptred thrall.

Not the franchise of the base,  
    Not the scarlet suffrage drawn  
    From the sin of San Antoine  
Soiled the glory and the grace  
Of the last flower of thy race.

Clothe thee in Thy Right anew;  
    Crushed by Time—and Royal still;  
    Treason trampled—but God's Will;  
And thy Royal White that grew  
Over rebel red and blue.

Standing in the sight of God  
Render back His Gift August,  
Stainless held by thee in trust;  
Steps unto a throne untrod  
But thy feet by Honour shod.

Bear to Henry, Great and Good,  
Thou, too, Henry Good and Great,  
Held above the reach of Fate  
Thy unswerving rectitude,  
And thy stainless Kinglihood.

King! Rejected and denied;  
King! Rejecting and denying;  
King! Defeated and defying,  
Casting a base crown aside,  
Placing Honour above pride.

Unto thee we bring our vows,  
Pledging ancient faith anew;  
God is with His Chosen Few,  
We who come to bend our brows  
To the King Crowned in God's House.

## THE GHOST OF ITYS

Hark! 'Tis the nightingale.  
What floods of wailing,  
What storms of grief assail  
The heavens, scaling  
A God's despair, or fail  
Sadder in failing.

Seest thou incarnate song  
And soul of grieving,  
That horror haunted wrong  
Beyond retrieving.  
Shall not the ages long  
Soothe thy bereaving?

Seest thou in this fair wood  
That hears thy singing,  
The Thracian halls that stood  
With terrors ringing,  
And to thy solitude  
The Furies winging?

Still, in thy forest green,  
Lies Itys dying.  
Still o'er the charmed scene  
His ghost is flying.  
Still, rose and thee between,  
His soul is sighing.

## A HEALTH TO THE KING

### OF PORTUGAL.

A health to the King,  
A health to the Boy,  
Though boyish he fling  
His Crown as a toy,  
With his sceptre and ring  
On the bosom of Joy.

Shall no blossom of May,  
And no breath of the Spring,  
And no dawn of the Day,  
And no flash of Love's wing  
Be flung on the way  
Of the Boy—grown a King?

For the King is but man  
That Her bosom that bore  
Shall resume in a span;  
But the *Kingship* is more,  
And the Top of God's plan  
From His days of Before.

Go forth in God's Might,  
For His trumpets are blown,  
And the land is alight  
With the fires He hath sown.  
In His Might and Thy Right  
Enter in to Thine Own.

Crush down with thy heel  
The traitors who trod  
With the flashing of steel  
And feet bloody shod,  
O'er the faithful who kneel  
At the altars of God.

A health to the King,  
The King by God's Grace.  
May His Providence bring  
The King to his Place,  
New splendour to fling  
On the past of his race.

## FRANCIS I AT PAVIA

All day upon that fatal day, the stroke of sword and lance  
Fell thickest, where, through smoke and flame, flamed,  
    ever in advance,  
The lilies on his breast before the lily flag of France.

His arms above the arms of France, upon his breast were  
    crossed.  
The victor's banners flaunting free, above the King were  
    tossed,  
The King, who left that fatal field, with all but honor lost.

Came one who stood before the King, reluctantly who  
    came,  
Of equal lofty majesty, his cognizance the same.  
And King's blood struggled in his cheek, against a flush  
    of shame.

De Bourbon bowed his haughty head; he faltered where  
    he stood,  
Before that flower of chivalry, that crown of Kinglihood;  
That star upon the brow of France and kinsman of his  
    blood.

The King and traitor face to face! A moment as of old.  
Distilled from poisoned depths of hate, the monarch's  
    words were told.  
De Bourbon drank the bitter draught and shivered with its  
    cold.



"Fair fall thee, gentle cousin, as thou fairly com'st to  
bring

Upon the field where fortune fails, the double offering  
Of love unto thy kinsman's heart, and homage to thy King.

"Nay, cousin, lift that lofty head that bends so low to me.  
Thy haughty heart and victor hand absolve thy subject  
knee.

Enfiefed by fickle fortune thou, the King must bend to  
thee."

He turned in scorn and gave his sword to one obscure,  
unknown,

Who on his bended knee received and gave the King his  
own.

To whom the King, with Kingly grace, and unforbidding  
tone,

"Now, by the crown I lose this day, and by my father's  
land,

When traitors kneel, it well becomes thy honesty to  
stand."

He bent with princely courtesy and raised him by the hand.

## AT THE TOURNAMENT

Comes now My Lord of Death, his pennon flying;  
    Sans cognizance  
Upon his sable armour; loud defying  
    With sword and lance  
My Lord of Life, with enmity undying,  
    And à l'outrance.

Comes forth My Lord of Life, his armour gleaming,  
    But over light;  
In all the galliard grace of youth, beseeeming  
    A gallant knight.  
The legend of his house above him streaming,  
    "Mine Ancient Right."

They meet, as meet two rival bolts of thunder  
    In a black sky.  
As the red flash that tears the skies asunder,  
    Their swords flash high.  
They fall. Alas! My Lord of Life falls under.  
    So fair to die.

'Tis o'er. The final coup de grace is given.  
    Let the bells toll;  
Let lighted candles show him way to heaven,  
    While priests make dole;  
His guilty soul hath passed away unshriven.  
    God rest his soul!

## AVE ATQUE VALE

The autumn is dead,  
And the year lies a-dying,  
Where yellow and red  
The sere leaves are flying.  
They cover him up as a pall, while the winds of the winter  
are sighing.

They have made him a bed;  
They have pranked it with holly;  
With berries of red  
To slay Melancholy.  
Ye fools! She will rise from her grave, though you bury  
her deep in your folly.

He came to the crown  
In the midst of our cheering;  
To death he goes down  
With our wailing or jeering;  
The Boy King we set on the throne of his sires with  
caresses endearing.

A health to the King  
Who comes on the morrow,  
From flagons that fling  
Defiance to sorrow.  
The wine of the present is ours, and the wine of the  
future we borrow.

A health to the King  
From glasses of gladness.  
His coming shall bring  
Surcease to our sadness.  
Let us eat of the fruit of Desire and be drunk with the  
wine of our madness.

#### SONNET

Oh, might I fling my heart beneath thy feet  
Shod with the radiant gladness of the dawn,  
Despoiled from eastern hill and dewy lawn.  
Thrice happy dawn! Thrice happy earth to greet  
Thy footsteps, with new flowers springing fleet.  
Thrice happier I, from barren heights withdrawn,  
To give my heart for thee to tread upon.  
Ah, it were sweet! Ah, it were passing sweet!  
Natheless, my soul above me weighs aright  
Thy lesser soul, that stinted, starved and doled,  
Strives with its farthing rush-light in the night.  
I, set above thee, crowned with light from old,  
Stoop down adoring from an ancient height  
To clip, and crown thee with my Shower of Gold.

## THE RED ROSE OF EARTH

God's Benison upon the Boy  
With boyish grace who came  
An apotheosis of Joy  
That scorched me as with flame.

A wave of sorrow swept my soul,  
My eyes with tears grew dim.  
Oh God! What seas of silence roll  
Between myself and him.

The morning blossoms in his eyes.  
Shall not, beneath his feet  
The purple hyacinth arise  
The Sun God's eyes to meet?

Myself am franchised in the stars;  
My fingers free upon  
The key to loose the morning's bars  
And usher in the dawn.

Yet, though I draw him to me close  
With pressure of the hand,  
And match my Star with his Red Rose,  
He would not understand.

I watch from alien heights afar  
My kindly Halls of Birth;  
And I would give my farthest Star  
For his Red Rose of Earth.

## OUR LADY OF THE GATE

TO SAN FRANCISCO.

While still the pillars of the earth endure  
The deep foundations of Her house are sure.  
Though the red flag of cosmic hate unfurled  
Flash through the caverns of the underworld;  
Though Titans struggling in the primal deeps  
Fling hill on hill, to gain Her sun-crowned steeps,  
Still shall She reign, Our Lady of the Gate,  
Where all things enter, come they soon or late.  
Still North and South, still East and West shall meet  
To lay their vassal homage at Her feet.  
Still Time, Her handmaid, gather to Her hands  
The sea-flung tribute of Her subject lands.  
Oh Thou, beloved! Mother of many men,  
Strong sons, who build Thy broken walls again,  
Who with enduring labor set the base  
Of all Thy Future in its ancient place.  
Temples to Hermes shall they build, to meet  
The needs that spring beneath his winged feet.  
Yet at those altars, where the God receives  
The tangled vows of traders and of thieves,  
Yea, even there, diviner, drifted down  
From higher heights, a higher light may crown.  
Oh, may that Flower of Beauty that was Greece,  
That Star of Splendour that was Rome, increase,  
And bloom familiar round Thy wonted ways,  
And shine above Thee with serener rays.  
So shalt Thou hear, the while Thy walls aspire,  
The throbbing music of the Sun God's lyre.

## THE GOD ON HORSEBACK

A wind grows out of the breeze  
And lashes the frightened trees,  
    Till they cry out loud in their pain,  
    Till they cry to the wind in vain;  
And the wind complains to the seas.

And the notes of an old refrain  
Rise clear above wind and rain.  
    And the pulse of my soul is stirred  
    By a melody long unheard,  
That calls to me not in vain.

And I see him once more, as when  
I saw him before me then,  
    When he touched for a moment's space  
    My life with his strength and grace,  
And rode from my life again.

A gallant and boyish form,  
In the breath of the south wind warm  
    That toyed with his tumbled hair;  
    That kissed him and found him fair,  
As he spurred in front of the storm.

He leaned from his seat, and cast  
A smile at me as he passed.  
    And the lust of Life and the pride  
    Of the Boy God, spurred and astride,  
Thrilled like a clarion's blast.

Ah, little Ghost, when we stand  
With the ghosts, in No Man's Land,  
Will you come with boyish grace,  
With the old smile on your face,  
And greet me, and understand?

#### SONNET

Have at you, sir, again! Your walls are high.  
I, disinherited and dispossessed,  
Unwelcome suitor and unbidden guest,  
The jest of some mad Boy God in the sky,  
Yet shall I enter in; I, even I.  
I, set apart by some supreme behest,  
By all the Splendid Madness in my breast,  
To win your walls, and higher walls, or die.  
Scorn not to meet me. No unknighly lance  
Of border foray seeks this stricken field;  
Forged on the ringing anvil of Romance,  
In the hot furnaces of Grief annealed.  
With it I seek *My Own*, which lies, perchance,  
In yonder frowning castle keep concealed.



## FEET OF CLAY

I said, "I will fashion a god,  
And worship it in a shrine.  
I am weary of staff and rod  
And the touch of the All Divine.  
I have clutched at the morning's bars  
When the gates were flung apart.  
I have drawn the light of the stars  
Like lances, unto my heart.  
I am weary, and now, meseems,  
I should live my life while I may."  
And I fashioned it in my dreams,  
And the feet of the idol were clay.

And beautiful to behold  
The glorious image grew.  
And the hair was brown or gold,  
And the eyes were brown or blue.  
And it was absolute good  
As deep as my eyes could see.  
And truer than truth it stood  
For that it was truth to me.  
And the work of my hands was sweet,  
I worshipped it night and day.  
And I flung my soul at its feet,  
And the feet of the idol were clay.

And they mocked the work of my soul  
As faulty and incomplete,

With the human part of the whole,  
And the stain of earth on the feet.  
And I said to them, "Misbegot!  
Beggars in brain and in soul!  
I love it for what it is not,  
And not as a perfect whole."  
And I said, "I will have my will.  
Pharisees, go your way.  
I will love and worship it still."  
And the feet of the idol were clay.

## TO ONE WHO KNOWS

I thank thee, dear, for coming in the night  
To him who loved thee in remembered days  
Beyond thy comprehension or desire.  
Yea, I did know in that vast loneliness  
That crowds my steps upon the barren heights,  
Where Absolute Sorrow, purple-robed and crowned,  
Broods o'er the crowding throngs that pay their tithes  
Of sweat and tears at all her wayside shrines,  
That thou wouldst come; that thou wouldst surely seek  
Him who might seek thee not. And I rejoice  
That not the august music of the spheres  
That rolls its surges on the farthest shores  
Of space illimitable, taught thine ear,  
With its diviner thunder to forget  
The minor mellow melodies of earth.  
Blew not some breeze across some charmed land,  
Through some enchanted gates of long ago,  
Through which our lingering feet, with morning shod,  
Our foreheads garlanded with dew and balms,  
Passed through the gates of dawn, to where a bow  
Spanned all our heavens, and lit our path on earth  
That thus I saw thee, as in truth I saw.  
Thou, all thyself, thou, all and only mine,  
Thou, as I knew thee, flawed with the sweet flaw,  
The gracious birth bark of our Mother Earth,  
That sets the jewel nearer and more dear.

## TO SAN FRANCISCO

If we dreamed that we loved Her aforetime, 'twas the ghost  
of a dream; for I vow  
By the splendour of God in the highest, we never have  
loved Her till now.

When Love bears the trumpet of Honour, oh, highest and  
clearest he calls,

With the light of the flaming of towers, and the sound  
of the rending of walls.

When Love wears the purple of Sorrow, and kneels at  
the altar of Grief,

Of the flowers that spring in his footsteps, the white  
flower of Service is chief.

As a flower on the snow of Her bosom, as a star in the  
night of Her hair,

We bring to our Mother such token as the time and the  
elements spare.

If we dreamed that we loved Her aforetime, adoring we  
kneel to Her now,

When the golden fruit of the ages falls, swept by the  
wind from the bough.

The beautiful dwelling is shattered, wherein, as a queen  
at the feast,

In gems of the barbaric tropics and silks of the ultimate  
East,

Our Mother sat throned and triumphant, with the wise  
and the great in their day.

They were captains, and princes, and rulers; but She, She  
was greater than they.

We are sprung from the builders of nations; by the souls  
of our fathers we swear,  
By the depths of the deeps that surround Her, by the  
height of the heights She may dare,  
Though the Twelve league in compact against Her, though  
the sea gods cry out in their wrath.  
Though the earth gods, grown drunk of their fury, fling  
the hilltops abroad in Her path,  
Our Mother of masterful children shall sit on Her throne  
as of yore,  
With Her old robes of purple about Her, and crowned  
with the crowns that She wore.

She shall sit at the gates of the world, where the nations  
shall gather and meet,  
And the East and the West at Her bidding shall lie in a  
leash at Her feet.

CHI-CA-GO! CHI-CA-GO!

AT SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18, 1906.

When the long appointed Morning from the primal deeps  
    awoke;

When the Guilty Hour of God released the Moment and  
    the Stroke,

    Then the human ant hill stirred,

    And it trembled as it heard

O'er the wreck and wrack of matter, the deep thunder of  
    God's Word

In reverberating echoes, o'er a hell of flame and smoke.

Here was touchstone for the Human. Fear and Terror  
    unconfined

From the soul's supreme dominion and the leashes of the  
    mind,

    Drove them forth and backward, drove

    Them in broken waves, that strove

In the vortex of a whirlpool, neath the flaming skies  
    above.

But serene, clear-eyed and steadfast, there was one re-  
    mained behind.

And the shattered walls about him groaned and trembled  
    as he bent

In apocalyptic vision o'er the shining instrument;

    While he strove, with vain essay

    To control the rebel ray,

To Chi-ca-go, Chi-ca-go, two thousand miles away.

And the trembling wires refused to take the message that  
    he sent.

Oh, he wrought with steadfast fingers, and a soul uncon-  
quered still,

While the tempest stormed the lowland and swept onward  
to the hill.

While the flame of dot and dash

Answered to a redder flash

From the flaming towers and steeples, punctuated by a  
crash.

And the rebel lightning flickered, unsubservient to his  
will.

Then Pity's eyes grew dim with tears, and Mercy's heart  
was stirred;

And the Soul of God grew troubled at the lightning-  
tangled word;

At the Human cry that came

Up to Him on wings of flame,

Crying out, "Help, Help!" to Brothers, in the Great All  
Father's Name.

And that cry of August Sorrow, with its solemn meaning  
blurred.

And He spoke unto the lightning and it hastened to obey;  
And the letters formed like soldiers, in an orderly array;

And they hastened by God's Grace

O'er the lands of conquered Space,

And the world fell back behind them, in the fury of the  
race

To the gates of Human Brotherhood, two thousand miles  
away.

# OUR LADY OF THE DOME

The God has spoken! Be it so.

Let not the shrines of Hermes fail

Of all we hold most dear, although

We *give* our honour with this sale.

Are loyal faith and honour more,

Are they as much as fallen leaves

From last year's wind storm, cast before

The god of traders—and of thieves.

Despoiled of all that once we were;

Of all that once was ours bereft;

The all of all our past was there,

This crown upon our brows was left.

Unmoved before the shock that sapped

The pillars of the earth, she stood,

And watched the flood of flame that lapped

Her sky-aspiring altitude.

With patient and with steadfast eyes,

Through murky day and fire-sown night,

She saw the star of hope arise,

And dark delivered of the light.

And now, from her abiding place

Cast down, and thrown as so much dirt

To traders in the market place!

Oh, high and over Gods avert



# TO VINU ABSORBIAO

The shorter shrift of ruffian hand,  
The captive queen to traders cast.  
The Future withers of that land  
That sells the altars of its Past.

Oh, were there men, among the men  
Who grasp with mailed hand the Now,  
Would rather purchase of the Then  
Her laureled franchise for their brow!

Ah, that indeed a gracious gift,  
And that in truth the fairies' gold,  
Crowned, throned, and sceptred, to uplift  
Our Lady to her place of old.

Or, on supremer heights to stand  
O'er the new altars of our home.  
From frozen heart and ruffian hand  
*God Save Our Lady of the Dome.*

## THE ROSE OF PEACE

TO A CHILD DEAD AT THE FOOT OF SEVENTH STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

From some fair heavens the sudden splendour fell,  
Some gracious fingers wove the hidden spell,  
Wrought some compassionate god this miracle.

Whence camest thou? What gardens of delight  
Gave thee to earth, to grow up tall and white,  
Bear bud and blossom in a single night?

Doubt not thy life was drawn of heavenly dew,  
Down filmy web of rainbows, falling through  
On this old Rose of Peace, forever new.

Here, where the foul and noxious vapours creep,  
Like poisonous serpents, from the ooze and seep  
That sap the city's rotting refuse heap;

Here, the great Master molds His crudest clay.  
His wheels revolving swiftly, night and day,  
Turn out His image, grim and gaunt, and gray.

Yet here was holy ground; a moment's space  
So gracious and so hallowed was the place,  
That I, the lonely passer, veiled my face.

And faltered, lest I tread too hard upon  
His noiseless steps, whose fingers thin and wan  
Unbar to us the gateways of the dawn.

Strange that my memories linger 'round the spot,  
Which doubtless she who bore him hath forgot,  
While I, who knew him not, forget him not.

And still I wonder, as I wondered then,  
To feel the gush of sudden tears again,  
Th' unwonted and unwilling tears of men.

Oh, little ghost, that flitted wan and white  
Between the purple curtains of the night,  
Oh, younger brother, with my elder right;

Oh, child, whose widely wandering footsteps cease  
To tread the path where days and years increase,  
Clasp the white marvel of your Rose of Peace.

But I, whom not the toys of time beguiled,  
God help me that I envied this dead child,  
Passing from all defilement, undefiled.

Oh, Thou, divinè, serene, compassionate,  
I may not seek Thee, but I watch and wait  
To see Thee beckon from the eternal gate.

Not long. I see the bow of promise shine;  
My certain covenant with the Soul Divine;  
What God I know not, but the Gift is mine.

## THE TRYST OF FATE

*"I have never seen you do aught but laugh.  
Play day love, could you laugh with me  
If we stopped the doing of things by half——"*

Play day comrade, awake from sleep,  
There is work to do, and a tryst to keep.  
We must be far when morning spills  
His cup of light on the eastern hills.  
Thou and I until we stand  
Free and fiefed in no man's land.  
Wake! There is one who stands beside  
Thy bed, who may not be denied.  
Though thou set thy soul upon the chance  
Of the loaded dice of circumstance.  
Still it must be, as it was before,  
Thou the lesser, and I the more.  
So all our yesterdays have proved  
Me the lover, and thee the loved.  
Bend thy soul to my stronger will.  
Thou wert mine of old, and I claim thee still.  
Mine in body and soul and breath,  
In our yesterdays of life and death.  
And ever through cycles of the sky  
Still thou wert thou, and I was I.  
And boy and boy, or man and maid,  
Our souls stood naked and unafraid.  
And our myriad lives clasped hands, I wis,  
To lead our steps to a night like this.

Gently, gently, lest we awake  
Eyes to weep, and hearts to break;  
Lest their woman's weeping and woman's prayers  
Clutch at my purpose unawares.  
And the splendid madness of our dream  
Burst like bubbles upon the stream.  
'Tis bravely done. Your careless stride  
Keeps us together, side by side,  
To the boat that struggles on the tide.  
That flutters a bird with a broken wing;  
That strains at its leash, a living thing.  
There in the mirk of the fading town,  
The lights of the well-lost world go down.  
And the rags of life that we flung behind  
Flaunt their littleness down the wind.  
And the tattered banners of the storm  
Flaunt in front of the south wind warm  
And the waves in their white-lipped anguish cry  
To an angry God in an angry sky.  
And ever we settle as we drift  
For the sea flows in through flaw and rift.  
And the wine of Being disappears  
From the broken cup of your twenty years.  
Scarce have you pressed your lips of flame  
To its splendid sin and sorrow and shame.  
Now night draws down and the lights burn low,  
Play day love, it is time to go.  
A swirl of waters, a gasp for breath,  
And the wide, free liberty of death.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The master of a double art,  
He bore the gifts to make man whole;  
His tears and laughter for the soul,  
A potion for the body's smart.

If not the highest, yet so high,  
So clear and sweet his message rang,  
If not a priest or prophet sang  
Yet the whole world was more thereby.

And the sad age forgot awhile  
Her sweat and tears, and stopped to quaff  
The mellow music of his laugh,  
And answered to it with a smile.

And yet, methinks, he might have built  
Those Statelier Mansions for his art,  
Whereon the sweat of soul and heart  
About the corner stone are spilt.

He, fiefed in yonder blue serene;  
He, free beyond the morning bars;  
He, franchised in the farther stars,  
And the wide spaces in between.

Here had he with firm footstep trod,  
Here had he swept the sounding lyre,  
Whose waves of thunder and of fire  
Surge upwards to the feet of God;

But that he chose of his own will  
    To heal the grievous wounds of man;  
    To walk the Good Samaritan,  
And gentle healer of the ill;

To pour the balsam of his mirth,  
    Free flowing from the lesser fount  
    Sprung midways on the sacred mount,  
Upon the tired heart of earth.

Perchance, he chose the better part.  
    And ye, who knew and loved him, bring  
    The first arbutus of the spring  
To lay above his gentle heart.

## THE DIVORCE

"Mr. Death, you're a lawyer of well-known repute,  
Your practice extensive. I bring you my suit.  
I had sought you so long that my hopes had grown dull,  
When I saw on your doorways the crossbones and skull.  
My name is, or rather, my husband's is, Life.  
And I am, or rather, I have been his wife.  
'Twas a match that I sought not. My parents, in truth,  
Limed the bird, set the trap, forged the chains for my  
youth.

What I want? .Oh, 'tis only the old tale, of course,  
I am tired of my husband, and seek a divorce."

"I well know your husband. In truth, I may say  
That I own his estates. As you know, he's quite gay.  
They are heavily mortgaged; his assets are nil  
If I chose to foreclose, as I possibly will."

"In the meanwhile, I hope—may I hope?—you will choose  
To press my case for me. You will not refuse?

For the fee——" "Oh, I charge a high price, to be sure.  
But the game's worth the candle. I'm certain to cure.

In fact, I may say, without any restraint,  
When I'm done with a client he ne'er makes complaint.  
For the cause of your action—I ask, though I know,  
Incompatible—each of you—mutually so."

"Oh, you've told it yourself. He's too florid, too gay,  
Too gaudy of night, and too tawdry of day.

Our union was cursed with the curse of the Lord.  
I shrink from his bed, and I starve at his board."

"What! he starves you?" "Ay, starves me—that is, on  
the whole



He feeds up my body, and starves down my soul,  
He serves me three courses—fear, pain and despair,  
Washed down with a draught of the black wine of care.  
But the dew on the blossom, the sun on the dew,  
The blue of the sky, and a star in the blue,  
The gold-spangled dust on the butterflies' wings,  
The grace of all gracious, intangible things,  
These fail from his menu. In truth, he don't know.  
Is the fault his or mine? God hath fashioned him so."  
"Your case is a sad one, but old as the earth.  
It clutched at your soul through the gateways of birth;  
It followed your footsteps wherever you trod;  
The ghost of yourself, and the Shadow of God.  
Have patience a moment, and know that the doors  
Of my office swing wide, to such cases as yours.  
I will draw up your papers, and seal with my seal  
That bars change of venue, admits no appeal;  
That no court can annul, when the sentence is spoke;  
Nor the juggling of lawyers rescind, nor revoke.  
Tomorrow we seek His Superior Court,  
The last high tribunal of Human resort.  
But the Judge, though a just One, is known as severe,  
And I fear that you—" "No, friend, fear not that I fear.  
With his ring did he wed me, who holds me with chains;  
He won me as bride; as a slave he retains.  
Break the chains! Set me free, and my soul will rejoice  
In His lightning of eye and His thunder of voice.  
If His justice avails not, His charity fails,  
I will throw my despair 'gainst His wrath in the scales."  
"Till we meet then, adieu." "Au revoir, not adieu,  
Since I seek on the morrow His courtroom with you."

## TO AMBROSE BIERCE

For that I came to you a guest,  
Where guest unbid might haply meet  
Small place whereon to set his feet,  
And scanty furtherance of his quest;

For that to one ill used to sue,  
Who deemed his suit, perchance, o'er bold;  
From high and kindly heart you told  
Largesse of praise beyond his due.

I thank you; were my thoughts but deeds,  
Or might I cancel deed with thought,  
Then of my thanks to you were wrought  
The full contentment of your needs.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis well. I will not make my Art  
The jester in the people's court;  
Nor bid the Goddess born resort  
A harlot to the public mart.

God wot, I enter not the race  
For large success and honour scant,  
The apotheosis of Cant,  
The Triumph of the Commonplace.

Methinks, such race were well unrun.  
The God may vanish whence He came.  
And I, I quit the losing game,  
Scarce worth the winning—if I won.

“AH, GIVE US BUT YESTERDAY!”

The night has fled before him;  
And the victor sun is borne,  
Robed and crowned in royal splendour,  
Through the gateways of the morn;  
With his cloth of gold before me,  
Yet my sad heart turns away  
Wounded by the golden lances  
Of the sun of Yesterday.

The morning light is gleaming,  
And the morning dew impearled  
On the golden roses clinging  
Round the roof-tree of the world.  
But I turn in heart-sick longing  
To the blossom on the spray,  
And the dew upon the blossom,  
In the dawn of Yesterday.

## A LETTER TO A GHOST

Walter, do you remember yet,  
Across the clanging barriers,  
Fast growing wider, of five years,  
The April morning when we met?  
You may, but I shall not forget.

April, the name is melody;  
The Spirit of the Spring that weaves  
White blossoms in amidst green leaves,  
And flings them to the bird and bee,  
From daisied turf and orchard tree.

But now with angry step she came,  
Her feet ascending up the path  
Of hatred, to the heights of wrath,  
Wherefrom the Tithes of God to claim  
In an apocalypse of flame.

I was—n'importe—you were seventeen,  
A fair, slim stripling in his May;  
How might I match my brown and gray  
With your young springtime's gold and green?  
God and all time rose up between.

You knew—or did you know?—how fond  
I was of your fresh morning dew,  
And all the boyish flame of you.

For me, my friendship never wanned;  
Though you have surely grown beyond.

How should you know? I never told  
My thoughts, but laid them by to stir  
My soul with scents of lavender,  
With legends from a page of gold,  
To warm my heart by, when I'm old.

We shall not see their like again,  
Those passionate, heroic days,  
At which the world stood still to gaze;  
Ah me! In those days men were men,  
And brothers to each other then.

And heaven high they piled their vows  
To see Our Mother stand again  
Grown fairer in the sight of men,  
With Her old crown upon Her brows  
In Her new builded Golden House.

And I, I felt my pulses stir  
—Though exiled from her side I stood—  
With Her imperious claim of Blood;  
And brought the body's sweat to Her  
As gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Our Sacred Mother, from whose brow  
Her crowns were fallen in the dust;  
Dethroned, unsceptred and—August,

Thrice more august and dearer now  
Than sceptred, robed and crowned, I vow.

Ah, Walter, you had laughed to know  
How I, who toiled among the brick,  
Slave to the genii of the pick,  
Rose up on Spirit Heights, to throw  
My soul's vast pity o'er Her woe.

How I in all that vast profound  
Of ruin, felt the All divine  
Approach me in the Human Shrine,  
Where I, adoring, knelt and bound  
My Love Her bleeding wounds around.

Yet had I pride, that none had dared  
Save she, to tread such deeps of woe;  
Or light so red a torches' glow;  
So high its sullen splendour flared  
The Gods upon Olympus stared.

And that apocalypse of dole,  
That sorrow sown across the land  
By some Divine and Wanton hand,  
Was the strong fortress and the goal  
To which I strove to lift my soul.

Ah, Memory is Sorrow's crown,  
Wherefrom, amidst the thorns arise  
The Jewels of Remembered Eyes;

And blue eyes call to me, or brown,  
From all the widely ruined town.

From all Her avenues that led  
From nowhere, through all gaunt distress,  
To waste and empty nothingness,  
Ghosts of the quick and of the dead  
Gather at midnight round my bed.

And, Walter, since a ghost you are,  
—Nay, laugh not; join me in the toast,  
“*A health to my remembered ghost,*”—  
I seek your ghostly light from far,  
As the Night cries out to the Star.

And so I weave for you this net,  
Whose fragile threads are wet and stained  
From the gold chalice, ceaseless drained,  
Of the heart's blood and the soul's sweat,  
On the black altars of Regret.

And now I come to seek you far,  
Who know me not, nor seek to know;  
I, also ghost of long ago,  
Cry: “God be with you where you are;  
Adieu. Or is it *au revoir*?”

## THE TOUCH OF THE HUMAN

APRIL, 1906.

In the days when the Gods came near to men,  
And the souls of men were wanned and thinned,  
As a Great Voice rose and fell again  
In sullen thunder above the wind;

Then our souls crouched down in the dust to hear  
And to shrink away from them as they came;  
And their visible presence swept so near  
That we shrank and shriveled within the flame.

And we lay supine, and with shattered will,  
While they came and Spoke, and went rough shod  
O'er the frightened earth, that shivered still  
At the awful imminence of the God.

And they passed; and we rose again and crept  
To stare in a stupid wonderment  
At the wonderful ruins, tempest swept,  
In the visible footsteps where they went.

Then we rose again, to our feet, and Stood;  
And Man had come to his own again;  
We were heirs of an old historic blood,  
Sons of our Mother, masterful men.

And we raised the glove that the Fates threw down,  
With an angry smile and stuck it, mayhap,



In a last year's hat with tattered crown,  
Or beside our pipe, in a ragged cap.

And we swore a great oath to set the base  
Of a greater future upon our past,  
And Our Mother's House in its ancient place,  
In despite of the Fates—while time should last.

And we went like brothers, and sought our place,  
Gentle and simple, churl and clown,  
Lofty and noble, mean and base,  
In the broken halls of the bankrupt town.

And I came as became me to come; withal  
I wrote my name in a cynic mood,  
In a cynically loyal scrawl  
In the League of Human Brotherhood.

And I stood for a moment glad, but dazed,  
At the sudden thrill of the Human Touch,  
To the soul that fed on itself and gazed  
In an introspection overmuch.

They were gallant days when the shining steel,  
Spade and hatchet, shovel and pick,  
Flashed in the cause of the Commonweal,  
Round twisted girder and broken brick.

Steel that flashed as in battle's van;  
Dust that rose as a battle cloud;

While the Crowned and Bleeding Heart of Man  
Flashed from our flags a defiance proud.

And the gates of Honour were closed to none;  
But each might walk with his bosom starred  
With the Order of Service himself had won,  
And the Cross of Merit, a God's award.

And we, who were heirs of the ancient blood,  
And Sons of Our Mother, felt the stir  
Of her pulses throbbed to our hearts, and stood  
Less for ourselves, and more for Her.

And as for myself, I vow I served  
In a half adoring thankfulness;  
And held as an honour not all deserved,  
The right to succor Her in distress.

They were gracious days; and they touch today  
With a gracious hand; and the ghosts are thick  
That smiled and spoke me, and went their way,  
As I toiled in the ruins with spade and pick.

And I thank the Gods for the saving grace  
Of the Human Touch, that I knew ye all,  
And that Sorrow linked our names for a space,  
On a tear-stained page, in a blood-red scrawl.

Fair ghost of the boy with golden hair,  
Sad ghost of the man with hair of gray,

I am but ghost, and but ghosts ye are,  
Blown out on the winds of Yesterday.

Let us tarry a moment before we go,  
Dissonant ghosts, to clutch and hold  
In the turbulent age's ebb and flow  
Our phantom measures of fame or gold.

Tarry a little, and hear me vow  
By the dearest oath that my soul may swear,  
By the higher light on my wider brow,  
And the leaf of Laurel that is not there,

I would serve again for the Commonweal,  
In the ranks of the men grown Titan tall,  
Shoulder to shoulder against the wheel,  
And All for One, and One for All.

I am vowed to the marble breast of Art;  
The banns are spoke that I can not stay;  
And my soul consents, but I found my heart  
In that liaison of an April day.

And my soul may thrive; but my heart is loath  
For the grip of flesh in the halls that rang,  
To the man's deep drum roll of Saxon oath,  
And the silver bugle of boyish slang.

Let us begone, for Our Mother calls  
From Her higher heights, and we may not stay  
In the beautiful, broken, ruined halls,  
And the golden glamour of Yesterday.

## THE SILENT HOUSE

Knock! Knock! The door is barred.  
Ye are true in watch and ward  
Bolt and bar and lock, so witness these, my fingers, bruised  
and scarred.  
Yet I know they would not feel  
Though they beat on triple steel,  
While I wrench the dreadful secret from its black and  
broken seal.

Oh, the dark, forbidding house  
Frowns from black and angry brows,  
Like a violated temple, brooding o'er its broken vows.  
Surely, Something, silent shod,  
In the middle night hath trod  
In the inner holies, riving at the handiwork of God.

Speak! Speak! He will not speak  
Though I cry out with a shriek;  
Though the coward blood runs backward from the pallor  
of my cheek;  
Though I cry out "It is I!"  
Comes no answer to my cry  
Save an echo, beaten backward from the adamantine sky.

Bring the axe and bring the bar;  
Let us throw the door ajar  
On the guilty Something, hiding where the trembling  
shadows are;

Something rending with its claw;  
Dripping ravin from its jaw;  
Springing up to tear asunder, crouching down again to  
gnaw.

Nay, what ecstasy of fear.  
Nothing! There is nothing here  
But the empty casket, rifled of the gem I held most dear.  
He hath gone, and gone with him  
Something vast and Something dim,  
Something filling all the heavens to the far horizon's rim.

Not as wild beasts tear their prey  
Death divorces soul from clay,  
But he bears it on white wings above a flawed and futile  
day.  
Let us leave him with his light  
Bleakly, mystically white.  
Let us wrap the shadows round us and go forth into the  
night.

## THE BROTHERS

I am My Lord of Life,  
I sit in the crowded ways,  
My feet are red with the strife  
Of the myriad yesterdays.

I sit in the market place  
Where souls are bought and sold,  
With a smile on my false face  
At the thirty pieces told.

And whenever the stakes run high  
Forever my skill avails  
To throw with the loaded die,  
And juggle the lying scales.

But they fawn about my feet;  
They bend the supple knee;  
With loyal love they greet  
My rags of royalty.

Till, at closing of the day,  
Broken, bankrupt and banned,  
They pass from me away  
And seek my brother's land.

I am My Lord of Death,  
I sit from the throng apart,  
In my palace of Hushed Breath,  
In the land of Quiet Heart.

And my palace walls frown black  
    When the evening light hath gone;  
But they flush and answer back  
    The light of Another Dawn.

With my brother, Life, I keep  
    A tarnished truce of fate.  
But my fair twin brother, Sleep,  
    Is the keeper of my gate.

His face is fair to see;  
    His feet are shod with wool;  
And he holds the golden key  
    Of my Palace Beautiful.

I am My Lord of Death,  
    I am My Lord of Peace,  
In my palace of Hushed Breath,  
    In the valleys of Heartsease.

· TO JOAQUIN MILLER

To thee upon a purple height,  
Lit by an evening star,  
I, dweller in the halls of night,  
And where the shadows are,  
Lifted my brows unto the light,  
And sought thee from afar.

And I rejoice, that in my days  
One Day hath blossoms more;  
Serenely o'er the crowded ways  
Of all my days before;  
As a white lily in its grace,  
To kneel to and adore.

From an unbounding unsuccess,  
From him who nothing hath,  
From the sad captive in duress  
And circled round with wrath,  
How shall he, from his littleness,  
Fling gifts upon thy path?

That thou, perchance, from gracious heart,  
With kindly hand shall raise  
The scentless, pale, wild flower of Art,  
That blooms upon thy ways,  
And half contemptuous set apart  
From thy full crown of bays.



## THE WAR SHIPS OF THE SKIES

In the vast spaces of yon blue profound,  
Yon silent sea, yon world without a sound,  
Comes now a voice to waken—and to wound.

Alas, alas, shall yonder stainless blue  
Wrapped in red flames, distill a crimson dew,  
Staining, defiling, dripping, ghastly through,

On the child's forehead, on the sad-browed Christ  
In yonder shrine, Whose Passion unsufficed  
To staunch the blood, whereat His Blood is priced.

Shall twenty ages of the Prince of Peace  
Not still the war drums, bid the trumpets cease,  
Drive man's red rapine from His upper seas?

And Man! Shall Nature's first and final cause  
The polished purport of Her savage laws,  
Shoot forth red talons with his wild beast claws;

Quarter his shadow on this shield of light,  
Set up his finite with the infinite,  
His war tents in these Halls of Day and Night?

## GLOWING EMBERS

Oh, boy's thin features, cold and white,  
I knew you warmly human;  
Whence comes that superhuman light  
To any born of woman?  
The King hath loved him; by that grace,  
Kinglike, he doth inherit  
Majestically in this place  
The Kingdom of the Spirit.

The doors are shut; the shutters drawn;  
Nor coming now, nor going;  
The King hath set His seals upon  
The house of His bestowing.  
Its master gone, the King's writ strips  
The dark, deserted dwelling.  
Oh, boy, beneath those close shut lips  
What secrets worth the telling!

But yesterday, a careless boy  
He took his boyish inning  
At the old game—with pagan joy—  
Of living and of sinning.  
Dawn set her jeweled steps of light  
A pathway to his going;  
The inner chambers of the night  
Held secrets for his knowing.

Do they whose footsteps with him fared  
His springtime paths of pleasure,

Who from his cup of summer shared  
The boy's unstinted measure,  
Who sinned with him his boyish sin,  
Who halved his boyish folly,  
Kneel at the august shrine, wherein  
His broken toys grow holy?

I call the name I loved, in vain;  
Nor answer nor replying;  
Only the winter wind and rain  
Antiphonally crying.  
Bertie, to yonder heights of death  
That boyish name endearing!  
I falter it beneath my breath,  
And tremble in the hearing.

Ah, dear, for thou wert passing dear;  
Perchance for this the dearer  
That one short moment set thee near,  
One white-winged instant, nearer.  
Still, flawed with folly as we are,  
The jewel of our choosing  
Shines ever brighter from afar,  
And dearer for the losing.

Ah, Friend, whose boyish footsteps stray  
Past sunrise and sunseting,  
No dawn shall light the eastern way  
To day of my forgetting.  
A light illumines my pathway yet

From those old glowing embers.  
And thou above wilt not forget  
Him who on earth remembers.

Kneels Memory in her holy shrine,  
Where purple, rose and golden,  
Through windows of the spirit shine  
Old joys—lost or withholden.  
Here, kneeling in a secret place,  
She veils her face and falters,  
Seeing thy once familiar face  
At her familiar altars.

## THE LEPER

Nay, come not near me. I am he  
Who bruised and bleeding from her rods,  
Whom mortals call Necessity,  
Burned incense to the alien gods.

I set the fool's cap on my head;  
I bent the knee where Momus rules;  
I kissed the hand I scorned; and led  
The courtiers, in his court of fools.

The silver bells rang high and shrill  
Above the gibing and the jeers.  
I pledged my soul to drink my fill,  
Myself the maddest of my peers.

It was a pleasant jest; but now  
'Tis fire of hell. No god averts  
The ominous circle from my brow,  
Whereon it clings and stains and *hurts*.

Nay, touch me not, and come not nigh.  
Stand not my sin and me between.  
Let my soul cleanse it with its cry,  
The leper's cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

## MY LITTLE GHOST

Little Ghost, whose footsteps fleet  
Passed me in the crowded street  
Where the torrents of the people in the frowning cañons  
meet;

Little Ghost of flame and dew,  
Now I keep my tryst with you,  
And the morrow after Death, my soul shall pledge you  
faith anew.

Little Ghost of mine, your glance  
Pierced my bosom like a lance  
Couched for God and Love and Honour, in the old days of  
Romance.

Nor affirming, nor denying,  
Neither question nor replying;  
For we passed like ships in ocean, with no signal flags  
a-flying.

But I saw your hair was spun  
In the chambers of the Sun,  
By the happy Hours awaiting till his shining race was won.  
Soft as silken eider-down,  
Hair of gold, or hair of brown,  
This I know not; but I know you wore it like a monarch's  
crown.

Bluest blue, or grayest gray,  
Eyes of thine I may not say;

But I know they led the Morning, and it blossomed into  
Day.

And the captive day was drawn  
By their light from budding dawn  
On diviner heights, till night assumed her crown of stars  
thereon.

Vanish, little Ghost of Gladness,  
Vision of a Poet's madness;  
Foam and sparkle of Delight upon my purple wine of sadness;  
Lest my long, black shadow grown  
Longer, blacker, shall be thrown  
On the path before your footsteps, and be added to your  
own.

## GOD'S HILL AT BELMONT

West of Belmont on a lonely hill are a few crumbling stones,  
bearing the date of the early 'fifties. The jungle has swept over  
them, and if remembered of God, they are quite forgotten of man.

Where the torrent of the hills  
Pours its emerald flood, and spills  
Overtopping waves of verdure, to the green waves of the  
sea,  
They have laid them down to rest,  
With the green turf o'er their breast,  
They have reached through time, and taken seizin of  
Eternity.

They are dust, who once were men;  
Earth has claimed her own again;  
'Tis the final law of nature, once they were and now are  
not.  
Creeps o'er them the chaparral,  
Over them the dead leaves fall,  
Man forsaken, man forgotten, in this all-forgotten spot.

Never footstep of the dawn  
Enters here, to tread upon  
The encircling shadows, guarding the enchanted solitude.  
Hesitant, and half afraid,  
Lingers noon, without the shade,  
And the flying night flies faster, o'er the black and haunted  
wood.



When, the mask of night is drawn  
From the face of the last dawn,  
When before the last great moment, heaven and earth are  
hushed and still,  
When the final trumpet thrills  
To the stout heart of the hills,  
Will the lonely dead awaken, on this lost and lonely hill?

#### SONNET

Bring us nor roses white, nor roses red  
To crown the brows of love, for on them be  
The garden's sweat, the blood of Calvary.  
And we, alas! whose erring feet mislead  
To new and stranger faiths, no longer tread  
The once familiar paths of Arcady.  
Mayhaps, our souls have gained Eternity,  
But all the sweeter ways of life are dead.  
Ah, sweeter these, than rose of mortal knowing,  
Beside the enchanted waters flowing deep  
Into the unknown land, the poppies blowing,  
Red, sullen torches of oblivion glowing.  
But our sad gods their one last guerdon keep,  
Their scarlet poppies of eternal sleep.

## THE HILLS OF OCEAN VIEW

Spring is regnant in the valleys; Spring is throned upon  
the mountains;

She hath sent her royal summons forth; her vassal  
lands are fain

To attend their Sovereign Lady in the place of pleasant  
fountains

That have spilled themselves before her in a shower of  
golden rain.

She hath summoned with her magic wand her chosen  
maids of honour;

They have set their jeweled footprints o'er the threshold  
of the dawn;

They robe her in her purple gown, they serve and wait  
upon her;

They tire and dress her royal head and set her crown  
thereon.

I am captive to the city streets, but still my heart goes  
straying;

She hath touched me with her sceptre, and the broken  
fetters fall;

Go forth, my heart, and guide my feet and we will go  
a-Maying,

For Spring hath thrown her gentle chains about a  
willing thrall.

Let us leave the stony highways and the tangle of the  
alleys,

The false and fleeting mirage of the street and avenue,  
Let us seek the shaded canyons and the flower-enameled  
valleys,  
And the hills I knew in boyhood rising over Ocean  
View.

Oh, my heart, from gloomy dungeons let us sally to  
recapture  
The elusive Something vanished, where the scent of  
lilac brings  
In a sudden flash of memory the evanescent rapture,  
And the more enduring heart-break of a score of  
buried springs.

We will wander o'er the meadows with a flame of poppies  
glowing  
—Stirring bugle blasts of color—where the Sun God's  
coursers stood;  
We will kneel in woodland temples, where the pallid  
blossoms blowing  
Guard the chaste untaken altars, Vestal Virgins of the  
wood.

We will seek in rugged canyons rising upwards from the  
valleys,  
Like a Titan's heaven-flung stairway with its higher  
steps untrod,  
For the trillium's vase of ivory, like a sacrificial chalice,  
With its triune leaves to bring to mind the Trinity of  
God.

Oh, My Hills of God behind me, ever purple in the distance,  
Drenched with flying ocean vapors, beaten by the bitter wind,  
The feet of flesh forsake ye, but the soul with high insistence  
Hath burst her prison cells of clay and lingers on behind.

I have sought and found the jewel of the Poet's crownèd passion  
In the Labyrinths of God, whereof my fingers hold the clew,  
But I drop the Shining Spirit Thread to kneel in adoration  
To the ghosts of my dead springtimes on the Hills of Ocean View.

## DEAD JOY

Fair as the Prince of Troy,  
Hidden away  
Lieth what is of Joy  
Fairest of clay.  
Though we cry out to the boy  
Naught will he say.

Now that he lieth there  
Patient and meek,  
Smoothing his shining hair  
Kissing his cheek,  
Speak! In your wild despair  
Bid him to speak!

Nay, he will answer not  
Nor yea nor nay.  
He was but earth begot;  
Now he is clay.  
Come from the haunted spot,  
Hasten away.

## TO SING LEE

AT MILLBRAE, APRIL 18, 1906.

We were East born and West born, and alien in color, in  
creed and in birth,  
But the East and the West flung together, clasped hands  
in the trembling of earth.  
What struggles of Titans imprisoned in nethermost deeps  
of the prime,  
And matching their Ossas and Pelions 'gainst the sun-  
circled ramparts of Time;  
What memories stirred in her bosom, what passionate  
pangs of unrest,  
What taint in her blood from of olden, thus curdled the  
milk in her breast,  
That she turned in her maniac fury, her love of aforetime  
forsworn,  
With her features contorted and trembling in hate of the  
sons she had borne.  
For flung from the All Mother's bosom, swept out by the  
flame of her wrath,  
We fled from her presence, and stumbled in the pits that  
she digged in our path.  
And the house strained hard at its moorings, and battered  
and wracked out of form,  
Caught up in the whirlwind of Cosmos, heaved high like  
a ship in a storm.  
A moment, a cycle, an æon, we strove in abysses of death,  
In the quicksands that swallowed our footsteps, the whirl-  
pool that dragged us beneath.

Till clasped by the hand of Existence, though bleeding  
and struck to the floor,  
We gathered Our Own from her wreckage, and fought out  
a way to the door.  
To the dew on the face of the blossom, to sun upon blossom and thorn,  
To breezes from Orient hill-tops that blew through the  
gateways of morn,  
To the promise of God in the sky, that circled the blue  
without end,  
And wrapped us about from His Wrath, as we looked in  
the face of a Friend.  
Sprung from the Esau of nations, the first born and last in  
the race,  
In the adamant Arch of Degree he was set as a stone at  
the base.  
And doomed by the souls of his fathers to serve with his  
soul in the mire  
For the husks and the lees of Possession, doled down from  
the heights of Desire.  
So he stood in the April morning, unlovely in face and in  
frame;  
But Pity had touched the gaunt features and Mercy shone  
out as a flame.  
For the mask of the Orient fell from his face, in the shock  
that released  
His Soul to shine forth for a moment from inscrutable  
eyes of the East.  
And it answered the Soul of the West, and united in Kin-  
ship they ran

From the anger of God in the heavens, to clutch at the  
Human in Man.  
So he stood in our doorway unclaiming the kinship of  
Blood and of Birth,  
And the aid that he tendered a neighbor had come from  
the ends of the earth.

### THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

With large and liberal largesse behold,  
The gilded guerdon of a thousand rains.  
The hills grow rich, and opulent the plains.  
The fond, sweet miracle that Eden told,  
To Universal Mother Earth of old,  
A mellow melody of minor strains,  
That runs with Springtime madness in her veins,  
And blossoms from her breast in fairy gold.  
Still the old miracle, forever new  
With each new spring the golden cups are set,  
To hold their brimming fill of morning dew,  
And speak to man of God, lest he forget  
The lights of Eden, and the tree that grew  
Within the walls, where the four rivers met.



## IN NOVEMBER

Oh, Roses, Red Roses, the winds are a-wailing;  
In the halls of November the year is a-failing;  
The summer is dead and the autumn lies ailing.

Ye came with the spring, when her fingers were spinning  
The green robes of Mày; now the leaves are a-thinning.  
Why woo ye the winter? Why wait on his winning?

Oh, Bride of the Summer, list not to his suing.  
Turn not your red lips to his white-lipped undoing.  
'Tis death, not a bridal; a rape, not a wooing.

The lost and the lovely who loved ye, are sleeping.  
The dead leaves in torrents above them are sweeping.  
Go doff your red robes, and go down to them weeping.

## THE KING IN DARIEN

Man hath clothed him with the lightning, he hath shod  
his feet with thunder ;

Past the dream of Priest or Poet still his steadfast steps  
outran ;

And he stands upon the mountains and the heights are  
trodden under

In a shining Way of Triumph, for the Royalty of Man.

He hath clipped the heavens with his wings, and in his  
wingèd leaping

Drags a tributary ocean in a leash of either hand ;

Till he loose them from their tether with resistless current  
sweeping,

But with measured, man-made impulse o'er the subju-  
gated land.

Past the purple tropic headlands, between jeweled tropic  
islands,

From the lands beyond the dawn, the lands behind the  
night, they come ;

And the tropic jungles echo upward to the tropic high-  
lands,

With the thrilling of the bugle and the throbbing of the  
drum.

They will enter in the gateway like a splendid vision,  
weaving

On a field of stainless blue their changing, iridescent  
gleams ;

In a Poet's Dream of Beauty never went such fair de-  
ceiving  
From the shining loom of Fancy, through the Ivory  
Gate of Dreams.

When the nations' navies enter, with their silken banners  
streaming,  
One, the blue-eyed English boy, shall enter first, and go  
before  
In his Poet Bucentaur and bear the golden circle gleaming,  
For the bridal of the waters, as the warrior princes bore.

As the scattered stars of heaven and the clustered con-  
stellations  
Wan and wither, pale and vanish, at the coming of the  
sun,  
He shall shine serenely o'er ye; in your pathway for the  
nations,  
Ye have cleft the hills asunder, in a Royal Road for  
One.

For we tell you, we, who Know, to ye, perchance, that  
shall not know it,  
That the Master of the spot hath entered here from  
lands afar;  
Hath aforetime scrawled above ye the Crowned Rubric  
of the Poet,  
—Taken seizin of his Kingdom—and hath sealed it with  
a star.

In his Elder Right of Royalty, he enters to inherit,  
Crowned beyond the grosser vision of the purblind eyes  
of men.  
O'er your tributary earthly realms, the Kingdom of the  
Spirit,  
Reigning as a Poet King, "Upon a Peak in Darien."

## TO THE NEMOPHILA

### "BABY BLUE EYES"

What bird across the walls of Eden flew  
Above thee in the alien land, and threw  
O'er thee his shadow of celestial blue?

Or else from bluer skies than ours, was drawn  
—From azure meadows, where the feet of Dawn  
Walked golden shod in the dim ages gone—

The evanescent azure of thine eyes,  
That man might dream a fairer paradise,  
With all thy blue reflected in its skies.

## THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS

Why, Mono and Inyo! The news has surprised me!

You are blood of my blood, you are flesh of my flesh,  
Yet your message has come, and its words have apprised  
me

That two of my daughters have turned out "Secesh."  
I have loved you sincerely, although you're not comely  
Like dear Santa Clara, the flower of you all.  
But my dwelling is large, there's a home for the homely,  
With bed in the chamber and board in the hall.

Think not that the fires of your mother's affection  
Are quenched by the flaws of your face or your frame.  
For your angular features and sallow complexion  
Believe me, my dears, cut no ice in its flame.  
If my daughters are many, my bosom is ample,  
And in it for each of you, mother love thrills,  
With a strength that avails to its need, for example  
It crosses wide deserts and overtops hills.

Stuff and nonsense! Let's hear no more talk of eloping  
With the silver mine owner from over the way.  
A truce to your folly! An end to your hoping!  
Return to your duty, untrounced, while you may.  
And, besides, I am really quite sure that you miscount  
His fortune, for know, silly girls that you are,  
The Silver he brags of is largely at discount,  
And Mr. Nevada, himself, below par.

Your friend, whom I also know well, Mrs. Austin,  
Who loves you quite dearly, and well knows your needs,  
I've not heard from her yet, but I'm sure she's quite lost in  
Amazement, to hear of your frolicsome deeds.  
And now, my dear girls, no vexatious beseeching,  
Return to your mother who loves you, and know  
Let you reach where you will, yet my will is o'er reaching.  
No go, naughty daughters! No go, you can't go!

## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Kind Lord, a boon we crave,  
To Thee an easy task.  
It is not much we have,  
Nor is it much we ask.

Grant us some pleasant spot  
(So may we hope to thrive)  
Where that which is, is not,  
And two and two make five.

This will suffice our need,  
Nor do we ask for more.  
We never *can* succeed  
Where two and two make four.

## ELECTRA

Alas, alas, Electra! Grown less fair;  
With thy disheveled hair,  
Ghastly and livid white,  
Writhing in tangled agonies of light  
Upon the startled bosom of the night.  
Thou, of the Sisters Seven  
Who shone the fairest in the halls of heaven.

To thee what bitter memories remain  
Of the old Dardan plain;  
Of thy ecstatic joy,  
Thy amorous dalliance with the princely boy  
Within the walls of heaven builded Troy.  
Thou, exiled from thy place,  
Amidst the awful heights and depths of space.

Whence comest thou to vex our sight, and why?  
From what remoter sky  
Immeasurably far  
Beyond the circle of the Sun God's car,  
Beyond the light of alien sun and star,  
Comest thou to us again  
Presaging evil to the sons of men.

The fall of empires, and the death of kings  
Ever thy presence brings,  
From thy remotest yore.  
Now, NOW, what bringest thou from that dim shore  
To crown thy evil most, with yet a more.  
Perchance, the cosmic fire  
To loose the burden of thy Titan sire.

## THE BRIDAL

Fill up his cup each guest  
Let it brim over.  
Ready both bride and feast.  
Tarries the lover.  
Why is my lord so late?  
Why does he tarry?  
Here in my halls I wait  
Whom he would marry.  
Long, life and I were wed,  
Long have I proved him,  
Shared with him board and bed.  
Never I loved him.  
Life is a sorry jest  
All the world over.  
He I wed now is best,  
Faithfulest lover.  
Hasten, my lord, I pray.  
Hasten yet faster.  
This is our wedding day,  
Lord, Friend and Master.  
Narrow the bridal bed;  
Satin its pillows;  
Satin all white its spread;  
White lace in billows.  
Comes my lord's tiring maid  
Softly a-creeping.  
Soft are her fingers laid  
On the bride sleeping.



Up from the bed and flee!  
The rite's unnerving.  
Let mortal eyes not see  
His servant's serving.  
Up! away from the shock  
Ghastly, inhuman.  
Lest, maddened, we mock  
Christ, born of woman.  
Still bride of a day,  
Soft lie your cover.  
My Lord Death, away!  
The bridal is over.

## THE CHOICE

To me came Phœbus, ere the night was drawn  
From purple pomps and pageantries, upon  
The car that leads the triumph of the dawn.

Yea, all the purple chambers of the night  
Blossomed as silver lilies. In my sight  
The dark conceived, and bore a Star of light.

The radiant robes of his divinity  
Enveloped and effaced me; unto me  
He spoke, and said: "I give a gift to thee.

No perfect gift I give, but thou shalt lift  
Thy soul above, and see through flaw and rift  
The giver's soul enshrined within the gift."

Of old in Hellas and in Rome adored  
The Sun God spoke, and at my feet were poured  
His treasures in his ancient chambers stored;

Torrents of gems, from which myself might choose,  
Dulling the rainbow with their myriad hues;  
Mine, one to take, and many to refuse.

And last, might overleap a god's desire,  
A single string from his immortal lyre,  
Throbbing and trembling with unearthly fire.

My soul flashed up to that exalted hour.  
I, mortal, chose of all his Golden Shower  
A God's apocalypse of pain and power.

"Lord, cast Thy shadow o'er my shadowed ways;  
Nor peace I ask, nor joy, nor length of days;  
Give me the Gift wherewith to sound Thy Praise."

## SONNET

### TO THE DEAR PEOPLE.

Good Friends, Sweet Voices, if indeed ye be  
Sweet voices, or good friends, I pray ye hear.  
Lend me the large circumference of your ear.  
Though I approach your regnant sovereignty  
With head erect, and with unbended knee,  
Doubt not that your endearing charms are dear  
To me; for what but love should bring me near?  
Pray ye, believe me of your charity.  
How much I love ye, do ye seek to know,  
To the full height of your most high desire.  
(How high is that, if your desires be low?)  
Sooner my heart, than love for ye shall tire.  
( 'Tis tired now, is but my love so so.)  
So help me Hermes! God and Thief and Liar.

“MYSELF AM HELL”

I said, “From deeper deeps, my plaint  
Cries to an empty shrine.  
So I to ease my grief will paint  
A deeper grief than mine.”

I might not find a grief more deep  
On earth; so it befell  
I, mortal, sought the forlorn steep  
Whence souls go down to hell.

The gates which swing not back again  
I freely entered in.  
For, lo! the countersign was Pain;  
The key thereof was Sin.

The wrath of God, in wanton strength,  
O'er all the murky skies,  
Outstretched eternity in length  
Ere yet hell knew sunrise.

I saw the seas of fire that seethe  
With waves of flame, that tossed  
From white hot molten deeps beneath  
The spirits of the lost.

And one, from out that weltering storm,  
Who came my steps to meet;  
Flame dripped like water from his form,  
And ran about his feet.

He placed his fingers on my brow ;  
They scorched me to the bone.  
Oh, Hell's Red Dripping Crown! I vow  
Those fingers were my own.

I, that sad ghost of fiery seas,  
In whom mine eyes might trace  
Myself, in all the agonies  
Of that distorted face.

Mine, mine, the God imploring eyes ;  
Mine, cracked and bleeding lips ;  
Mine, hands that tore at empty skies  
With flaming finger tips.

Oh, Christ, the Pitiful! But then  
Some ray of morning broke  
From my remembered skies again ;  
It touched me, and I woke.

Yet still, when dawn proclaimed her rule,  
Livid upon my face  
That Mark, not all the winds can cool,  
Nor all the seas erase.

Still on my brow that monstrous birth  
Begot of Pain and Sin.  
A dream? Why, so, perchance, the earth,  
The heavens, and all therein.

## WHOLESALE ONLY

Three Ancient Ladies, with a stock complete,  
Have flung their sign out in a modern street;  
The which, "All orders filled in time to catch  
The *Lower Roads*, with neatness and dispatch."  
Their windows blossom with a long array  
Of toys to please a sunlit holiday;  
With shining folds of silver paper bound,  
With golden tinsel and red ribbon wound;  
In homeopathic portions made to spill  
The smaller purses in their gaping till;  
All duly labeled; "Joy" and "Love" and "Peace,"  
"Honour" and "Wealth" and "Leisure" and "Heartsease."  
"Open for business!" But so grim and gaunt  
I shrank to proffer them my retail want.  
Obsequious, I sought her listening ear  
The least severest of the all severe.  
"Though lean my purse, God wot, no woman I.  
The man who comes to price, remains to buy.  
Joy comes too high, but give me, if you please,  
An ounce of Leisure, and some small Heartsease.  
On that high shelf, the smallest of the lot,  
Tied with red ribbon in a shining knot."  
Thus I to her. A smile a moment's space  
Crackled the ancient parchment of her face.  
And surely, No! But surely, Yes! I think,  
Just the remote suggestion of a wink  
Half lit the brooding shadows of her eye  
Like a red flash across an angry sky.

She clapped her hands; the shop boy came in haste;  
"Life," mortals call him. I, with grim distaste  
And black disfavor, met the smirking smile  
With which he oiled his creaking tones the while.  
He marshaled forth his words in flying ranks  
"Regrets" tripped up the nimble heel of "Thanks."  
His "Thanks" light fingered, spread deceiving nets  
To tangle the lame feet of his "Regrets."  
These marked down bargains, temptingly displayed,  
Were naught but the "blank cartridges of trade";  
A shining emptiness, to catch the eye  
Of the chance bargain hunter, passing by.  
"Sold out of gauds like these, we show with pride  
Our Wholesale Warehouse on the other side.  
These puncheons hold our Black Wine of Despair,  
An ancient vintage. Read the trade-mark there  
Scorched with a Flaming Sword: 'Adam and Son,  
The Eden Vineyards, Anno Mundi One.'  
For this black cloth we have a great demand  
A staple 'tis in every age and land.  
Our Grief A No. 1, our special pride,  
Is warranted all wool and a yard wide.  
And this is our perennial brand of Soap,  
For Bubble Blowing none compares with Hope.  
Our stock is large, the favorite of our toys,  
Beloved by all the larger girls and boys."  
His long, lean finger pointing here and there,  
With eager gestures stabbed the wounded air.  
And he so wheedled me and hypnotized,  
I pawned my soul to him I most despised.

In short, the rogue so cozened me, I bought  
The things I wanted least, and least had sought.  
A plague on him and all his wares! I vow  
I hold no further commerce with him now.

## SONNET

TO LIFE.

What God so cursed me that I took to wife  
—For surely some mad Boy God aimed the jest—  
That laid the ancient wanton on my breast—  
His cast-off concubine, that men call Life?  
Five hath she borne me—Fear, Despair and Strife  
To loot my scanty stores of peace and rest;  
And black-browed Hate and Scorn, to bring as guest  
Pain, and the pang of his red dripping knife.  
One hell-bestowed, and five myself begot;  
Five and their dam, to hang with foul embrace  
And poisoned lips that stain, a scarlet blot  
Or livid blotch on my reluctant face.  
I am hag-ridden up steep heights, God wot.  
And imp-spurred downward, in a devil's race.



## TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN KEATS

Lost Pleiad of serenest skies  
Drawn from thy milder spheres,  
What evil influence bid thee rise  
In our remoter years?

The radiant light of those proud eyes  
—The echo of the Dawn—  
They should have waked when Grecian skies  
Lit the young Parthenon.

They should have waked on charmed ground,  
In some enchanted night.  
The light that lit them drifted round  
From some diviner height.

Those passionate lips should have possessed  
Artemis' haughty mouth;  
And taught to love that virgin breast  
Thirsty of too long drought.

Thy name, "in water writ," shall live  
While living waters run,  
And while the gates of morning give  
A pathway to the sun.

Earth claims again her earth-born earth.  
The lesser souls flit by.  
This faded Rose of Life gave birth  
To some new Star on High.

## OUR LADY OF WELCOME

Where the Earth is swept backward, defeated by the rush  
of the sea on the sands,  
Our Lady of Welcome sits thronèd on the uttermost verge  
of the lands;  
She cries out aloud to the Nations, and beckons with wel-  
coming hands.

She has walked in the valley of shadows; She has stood  
in the tumult of war  
Of the elements, rebel against Her; Her children were  
scattered afar;  
But the Day held a torch to Her travail, and the Night  
lit defeat with a star.

She has trod down defeat in Her pathway; She has  
entered again to Her Own;  
Her children, re-gathered, establish the far-lying rule of  
Her throne;  
And the winds shout the echoes to heaven of Her trumpets  
of victory blown.

By the splendour of great deeds accomplished, by the  
pulses of pride in Her breast,  
She has summoned the world to Her Presence; She has  
bidden the East as a guest;  
And the North and the South are made welcome in the  
halls of the Queen of the West.

By the sea, led in leash o'er the mountains to serve as  
man's slave between walls,  
By the miracle working of God through the hand of the  
Human, She calls;  
Let the lands rise in haste at Her bidding, and follow  
the sun to Her Halls.

## SONNET

PREScribed FOR POETS AND INSCRIBED TO EDITORS.

Of withered platitudes, take "quantum suff,"  
On barren plains, by stagnant marshes seen;  
(Beware of Fancies poisoned Evergreen;)  
Of commonplace and cant, throw in enough;  
Ten parts of "rot" and twenty drachms of "puff."  
This mixed, and shaken well in your machine,  
Comes out the "poetry," called "magazine."  
And take it? Heaven forbid! Go sell the stuff.  
Yea, go and sell it; ye shall win thereby  
Your thirty silver pieces. Though to win  
Ye pawn some shreds of honour; though on high  
The frightened Muses fly before your sin;  
Though Phoebus winks a tear from either eye,  
And hides his pain his ancient halls within.

## THE THEFT OF WINTER

IN CALIFORNIA.

A lusty boy, not here grown old,  
His shining hair was spun  
Of the fine raveled cloth of gold,  
Gift of our Lord, the Sun.

But, lo, what madness fills his veins,  
For he hath drunken full  
Of brimming flagons of the rains  
In the House Beautiful.

And he hath sought the fields where May  
Had lain her down to rest;  
And he hath reft and borne away  
The green robe from her breast.

Her robe of state! The impish elf!  
With gold flowers overlaid,  
Wherein to prank his thievish self  
For his mad masquerade;

Wherein, through all his sunlit way  
His boyish limbs are swift;  
Wherein he brings the gift of May,  
And shining April's gift.

A golden deed. A gracious thing.  
A jeweled gift, to draw

The gilded largesse of the Spring  
From Nature's broken law.

But, Mother Nature ill bestead  
With impotent surprise,  
Tears the gray tressès of her head  
And rubs her startled eyes.

The wise old lady! Let her change  
The course of sun and star  
That the Greek Kalends' hands arrange  
Our winter's calendar.

## THE PHILISTINE

Aye, tear the ancient titles down; let nothing more remain  
That caught a gleam of Splendour from the Red and Gold  
of Spain.

Leave not a rag of old Romance to clothe our souls there-  
with.

Let Jones Street run its Saxon course, and intersect with  
Smith,

That of the meeting may be born, to gild the name anew,  
A brand new street for philistines, called Smytheson  
Avenue.

Why weeps the gentle philistine? Why doth the jingo  
rage

At glowing ecstasies of light upon our earlier page?

Spain stamped deep impress on our soil. With iron hand  
she pressed

Her rubric writ in blood and tears and Splendour on our  
breast.

Comes now the modern philistine and says it doesn't suit;  
We'll "pluck it from our bosoms though our hearts be at  
the root."

So, out upon the impious rogue that scouts the Gradgrind  
rule

Of cabbage for the wise man's pot but roses for the fool.  
Oh, brothers of the Holy League, the Trust is ours, to pull  
About our heads the golden dome of the House Beautiful.  
'Tis ours to clip the Graces' robes to match our wit, and  
bind

The Sun God's Soul in leaden chains of our Bæotian mind.

Let Fancy fold her shining wings, and veil her face before  
The sacred soul-compelling law that two and two make  
four.

Let Beauty hunted from the earth, shine on us from afar,  
Not as the light of hearth and hall, but as an alien star.  
And I, among the least of these, am come to lay my axe  
To Fancy's laurels, grown above the underbrush of Facts.

## SONNET

"DEAD, DEAD, DEAD"

Light in the Night and on the purple crest  
Of her exceeding and extremest height.  
Night, and he only watching with the Night;  
And One who came and touched him on the breast,  
And whispered, "Peace"; the countersign was "Rest."  
The which he heard, and spoke, with face grown white,  
In the strong stress of that compelling light  
That lit the footsteps of the God confessed.  
Was it not strange? Oh, it was passing strange.  
Was it not sweet? Oh, it was passing sweet.  
Oh, passing strange and sweet that sudden change.  
Life's broken fetters fell from hands and feet  
Fiefed in the far off lands and free to range  
Through the wide spaces of the All Complete.

## THE WHITE ROSE AT BERESFORD

TO E. W.

Came up the long, straight avenue  
Our Dread and Sovereign Lord;  
His fingers bore the Hidden Clew  
Beside the Naked Sword.

How found My Lord of Death the way  
To where the Morning spills  
His waves in rose and saffron spray  
Upon the Beresford hills?

For, oh, the skies above were blue;  
The hills about were green;  
And Spring on snowy pinions flew  
The blue and green between.

He came and lo, his coming cast  
A shadow on the sky;  
And the trees shivered when he passed  
As though a wind went by.

To one alone he bore the Rose,  
Who took with face grown white,  
And eyes that drew the eyelids close  
On that compelling light.

The years above his brow decreased;  
The thin lips boyish smiled;



And the torn Mask of Life released  
The features of a child.

So, childlike to Her Mighty Heart  
From whence a child he came,  
He rendered back to Her a part  
Of childhood's dew and flame.

Blow white, oh Perfect Rose of Peace  
He wears upon his breast,  
Through the sweet valleys of Heartsease  
And opened gates of Rest.

## TO LINCOLN

### THE OLD SOUTH

With unrepentant pride, we laid The Flag away, to stir  
Some holy memories in us, with its scent of lavender.  
And rent, and racked, and robbed by war, with Southern  
pride we cast  
Above our present nakedness, the purple of our Past.  
We shut the temples' clanging gates, ourselves had flung  
apart  
To welcome franchised Peace, we built an altar in our  
heart.  
Peace scorned of devils! Hell begot, that hell might spit  
upon,  
And spurn with loathing from her gates, to vex the gates  
of dawn.  
We higher held, and loved the more, the soldier with his  
sword,  
Than traders, parting in His name, the raiment of the  
Lord.  
Peace came to us the drab of War; the outraged land  
appealed  
From jugglers in the market-place, to Cæsars of the field.

### AND THE NEW

Peace! Peace! Above the jangling worlds, the years of  
Christ increase  
With twice a thousand silver tongues, they cry to us for  
Peace.  
The sacred blood was sprinkled on the lintel of our door

That bids the Angel of the Sword to vex the land no more.  
We make our ancient wrongs the steps whereon our souls  
shall climb

To where his crowned Eternity looks loving down on  
Time.

Co-equal in our Trinity, our High and Holy Three,  
We set Our Lincoln in a shrine, with Washington and  
Lee.

And by the Beauty of that Life, the Glory of that Name,  
That born with us, arose with you, that each a share  
might claim.

And as he hears us overhead! We pledge you Peace  
again.

A righteous Peace, a brother's Peace, the Peace of equal  
men.

## THE SEEKERS

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18.

The grist for the mills of the Gods, that is gathered from  
near and from far,

With rending and riving of atoms, with clashing of sun  
and of star,

We clutched it with desperate hands from the Fates and  
the Furies who came

With the sound of the rending of gates in torrents of  
wind-driven flame.

Though the earth fled away from our feet in trembling  
and loathing, yet still,

Our souls from the depths of our need flashed up to the  
heights of our will.

We wrought in a passionate fury; with hands that were  
bleeding we wrought.

Though our souls sweat blood in the seeking, we sought,  
and we found what we sought.

We strained at the stone over-weighty, we wrenched at  
the girder, and still

Our fingers all torn and defenseless grew mailed in the  
armor of will.

The pulse of our heart rang alarm at the sound of a sigh  
or a moan;

We followed a veining of scarlet that trickled o'er mortar  
and stone.

We drew them from tangles of wreckage, from pits of the  
dark where they lay,

From nethermost valleys of shadows we carried them into  
the day.  
The old and the young lay together ; together the dying  
and dead ;  
The white hair was smirched with the earth-stain ; the  
gold hair bedabbled with red.  
To one came the King in his wrath, and the dead man  
stared up in affright,  
Struck full in the face with the blow, and buffeted into  
the night.  
To one came the King in his love, and the fingers of  
healing were laid  
On the heart and the brain over-wrought, and he smiled  
in his sleep, unafraid.  
And one clinched his fist in his anger ; and one clasped the  
Cross to her breast ;  
And one raised his hand as adjuring ; and one was more  
fair than the rest ;  
He lay with his face on his arm, in the strong, careless  
grace of the boy,  
Struck out by the Gods in their pastime, and broke in  
their wrath as a toy ;  
My soul, to his soul that was passing, by the Name that  
the lips may not speak  
Adjured him with august compelling, that brought the  
faint flush to his cheek ;  
And he tarried a space at my bidding on the brink of the  
Great Divide,  
And he looked in my face, and his eyes smiled into my  
eyes, and he died.

There was never the time for a tear, nor ever the time  
for a sigh,  
But my face grew white in the light of his soul as it  
passed me by.  
And the hand of a God had lingered on the finer clay and  
the soul,  
But we laid him the one, with the many, and a part of the  
broken whole.  
And Fear held the torch to our seeking; we sought in  
morasses of dread  
For the bond of the Human between us, the quick, the  
dying and dead.  
And nearer from ultimate reaches, the wings of the  
tempest were drawn,  
And leading the vanguard of rapine, the Fates and the  
Furies swept on.

## HER BIRTHDAY. APRIL 18

TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Bring we to the Most High our palms of praise;  
Comes now the Day of days  
When from the flame and smoke  
Round that proud head, that bent not to the stroke,  
The radiance of the wider morning broke;  
The High and Holy Day  
When Her old earth and heavens passed away.

From that Medea's Caldron, where she cast  
The all of all Her past,  
The Sacred Mother drew  
In splendour trebled twenty times that grew  
The golden recompense of all things new,  
To sit Her throne again  
Crowned, robed and sceptred in the sight of men.

Seek through the fields of that titanic war  
Scarce shall ye find a scar,  
Though struggling Titans hurled  
From the dim caverns of the underworld  
Hill upon trembling hill top; and unfurled  
Upon her broken towers  
The flaming flag of the infernal powers.

Blow the shrill bugle; let the drum unroll  
Its thunder of the soul.

Let all our banners wave  
Our thanks to Him Who took away and gave.  
She, who was dead, hath risen from the grave;  
The stone is rolled away;  
Risen, she greets the light of the new day.

## SONNET

### TO THE COLUMBINE.

Lo, I today have broken holy bread;  
My trembling lips have tasted hallowed wine;  
I, mortal, compassed by the All Divine  
With higher light, in higher ways was led  
To where the awful Sacrament was spread;  
God and I only, in a hidden shrine  
Wherein, like swinging lamps, the columbine  
Lit all the shadows with its flowers of red.  
I, heritor of bud and flower and leaf,  
I, free and fiefed in His enchanted wood,  
Knelt to receive His accolade of Grief;  
Bestowed on purple peaks of Solitude;  
Wherewith the Poet holds from God his fief,  
Whereof God's seal proclaims his title good.



## THE IMPREGNABLE CASTLE

In yonder frowning walls tonight  
The knights their revels keep.  
Between me and the giddy height,  
The castle moat is deep.  
And who am I, a wandering knight,  
To dare that haughty steep?

From mine own castle of Romance  
I, disinherited,  
Despoiled of all but sword and lance,  
In alien ways am led,  
Till, of mine own inheritance,  
The times be brought to bed.

No silken gage of love is bound  
About my sable crest,  
But antique loyalty hath found  
A dwelling in my breast.  
I couch my lance for Gods discrowned,  
And princes dispossessed.

God wot, my arm is not less strong,  
My lance is not less bright  
Than theirs, the fortune-favored throng,  
That feasts within tonight,  
Where I among my peers belong  
Of mine own knightly right.

## THE THREE AT STANFORD

Tread ye with reverent feet, for Here is God;  
Here, where The Three have trod,  
Father, Mother, and Son.

Doubt not that to This Three, the Three in One  
Gave the enduring palms of victory won;  
In the high heavens to wave,  
But deeply rooted in an earthly grave.

Here where their earthly shadows unsufficed  
In very truth is Christ.  
Through their Gethsemane,  
Up the steep summits of their Calvary,  
One, Who had passed before them, led The Three.  
His Strength Divine sustained  
His Human Brothers, tear and travel-stained.

This is His High and Holy House that stands  
Not built alone with hands;  
Divinely Human Love  
Laid the deep stone and reared the arch above,  
Man's Immortality of Love to prove.  
Within this Holy Shrine  
The Human reaches to the All Divine.

Oh, Childless Givers of the Gift, to ye  
What shall our giving be?  
Be this the gift we bring  
To reach them in the heavens on swift wing:  
As the lark soaring, as the lark to sing,  
Cry we with eyes grown dim  
Mother or Father unto Her or Him.

TO MRS. N. C. P.

Thou, who from old with gentle fingers drew  
Our All within thy touch,  
Thou, chosen ONE, of all our chosen Few,  
So few, but, oh, so MUCH!

Of all we were, of all we are, a part,  
Distance may not divide;  
Within the fairy circle of the Heart  
Thou standest at our side.

Thou hast shone on us with a light so clear  
The years may not erase;  
Nay, rather doth each swift recurring year  
Make dearer still thy face.

With thee, on golden heights of long ago,  
Our gold of Life was spent;  
Be thou beside us in the deeps we go,  
As on the heights we went.

## "THE REGIONS WHICH ARE HOLY LAND"

W. T. P.

Friend whom God loved, I bear in mind  
What time we left the world behind,  
The little noisy world we trod,  
For the Deep Silences of God,  
And all the gracious strength that fills  
The circle of the gracious hills.  
The silvery veil was rent in two  
That hides the face of Ocean View,  
Pierced by the spears of Day, and flung  
On rock and roof and tree it hung;  
And wider waxed and greater grew  
The great gold jewel in the blue;  
To thee a weighed and measured sun,  
But unto me the Radiant One.  
Oh, was it thine, and was it mine,  
That wildly sweet, delirious wine  
That thou and I a moment quaffed,  
And pledged each other in, and laughed,  
Laughed that the world should be so fair  
To the last peaks of Everywhere;  
Laughed that our footsteps trod upon  
The gold fringed-curtains of the Dawn;  
Laughed, that we held within our hands  
The key of our enchanted lands,  
The gold clew to the golden maze  
Of our unwonted holidays.

And high above our heads unfurled  
On the blue heights above the world,  
Yon Heavens Highway Spirit trod  
The White Flag of the Truce of God.  
A Truce! A Truce! God's hour of Peace,  
That bids the lesser jangling cease.  
That with the Silence of His Voice  
Stills the earth's tumult and her noise;  
That flings a royal canopy  
Above the serf, and sets him free.  
And all the blue of all the skies,  
And all the tender green that lies  
Upon the bosom of the May,  
And all the golden halls of Day,  
And all the silver lamps that shine  
In Night's blue dome, were thine and mine.  
The larger air, the fuller breath,  
Were free as life, were free as death.  
And we were free; oh, we were free,  
If lost in God's immensity.  
Not from a miser's fingers doled,  
But bounteous double hands of gold,  
So Youth and Hope together spent  
Their largesse on the way we went.  
Old for our land; a hundred years  
Has flowed the tide of hopes and fears,  
The tide of joy and grief has flowed  
And ebbed along the Mission Road,  
That thin gold thread, on which is strung,  
Unknown, unhonoured and unsung,

The jewels of futurity,  
Seed pearls of cities yet to be.  
Strange, is it not, that thou shouldst keep  
Thy Heaven guarded Halls of Sleep,  
Where Silence broods with brows august,  
And lips that speak not o'er her Trust.  
Where Sorrow, sad-browed sentinel,  
Cries with unwilling voice, "All's Well."  
Where thou and I upon a day  
Illimitably far away,  
Rode full tilt in the laughing strife  
Across the captured walls of Life.  
Strange, is it not? Perchance, we trod  
Upon that unclaimed field of God,  
Where now the wise in grief may see  
The seed bed of Eternity,  
—Wet with a rain of tears—that yields  
The flowers for th' Elysian fields.  
The robes of Night are closer drawn  
About the breast of Cypress Lawn,  
And Day, with halting step, invades  
The sacred silence of the shades  
That the tall gum trees rise to make  
Wider and deeper, for thy sake.  
For thee, whose boyish fingers drew  
A patch of green, a strip of blue,  
Wherewith to cover up thy breast  
In the dim chambers of thy rest.  
But in our wise unwisdom, we  
Passed heedless o'er the graves to be.

Thanks to the kindly hand that locks  
Foreknowledge in Pandora's box.  
I thank my Gods that I may find  
Them in free spaces, unconfined,  
Not clipped within a man-made house  
Ascends the homage of my vows,  
To rise on futile wings and fall  
With broken heart against a wall.  
I thank Them that my prayers may rise  
On lesser wings, to nearer skies,  
Confined by yonder shining dome  
About the altar fires of Home;  
Nor lost in yonder vast profound  
Of blackness, flame encircled round,  
That Ancient Void, wherein we poured  
To some Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,  
Measures of ecstasies and dole,  
First fruits of body and of soul.  
I thank my Gods that they are Here  
About me, imminently near.  
A God to vivify and fill  
The mountain and the mountain rill;  
To ride upon the south wind warm,  
To loose or leash the thunder storm;  
To light and trim the altar fires  
Of Night on her perpetual pyres;  
To brush the envious clouds away  
That bar the access of the day;  
To stoop from plentitude of power,  
To paint or pluck a wayside flower.

Ah! Friend of mine, thou couldst not hear  
The music patent to my ear,  
The Cosmic music, wild and sweet,  
Above the horses' ringing feet.  
Thine was the morning's radiant wine,  
The rainbow o'er our path was thine.  
These burnt out Fires of God were mine.  
'Tis dear to me, the way we went,  
For Grief and Joy alike have spent  
Their substance on it; every mile  
Is bounded by a tear or smile;  
A shining and a Sacred Way  
From the blue waters of the bay,  
To the white walls of San Jose.  
We passed through all the gracious green,  
Flawed with white villages between,  
And came where San Mateo stood  
A Dryad in a charmed wood;  
Unvexèd by the woodsman's strokes,  
Her presence haunts her native oaks.  
She turns toward the west and calls  
The Oread of the mountain walls,  
And sees dim-eyed, as in a dream,  
The Naiad of her vanished stream.  
Ah, here where Dignity and Ease  
May rest care free beneath the trees,  
Ah, here should Beauty unconfined  
Reign over heart and soul and mind.  
An Attic Princess exiled far,  
'Tis here should rest her wandering car;



Here fled again, and repossessed  
Of her old East, in our new West.  
We passed and came where Belmont keeps  
Her halls upon her wooded steeps,  
That rise, advance, divide, or meet,  
And fling their green waves at her feet.  
Or on some higher hill tossed high  
Break in green spray against the sky.  
I thank the Gracious Hand that spills  
The shining torrent of the hills.  
Not David with desire above  
Mine own, encompassed them with love.  
My feet have ever brushed them nigh,  
Mine eyes shall see them though I die.  
Hark! From the distance Beresford calls  
To Belmont, o'er the mountain walls.  
And the wind hears the call, and weaves  
The answering whisper of green leaves;  
Earth's sweet and sacred melodies  
Sung on the hill tops by the trees,  
And echoed by the birds and bees.  
And I rejoice that I may reach  
These thin high subtleties of speech  
Of the Great Mother, reconciled  
In so far, to her wayward child.  
I, set within such straitened round,  
By such strong links of habit bound,  
The golden daily links, that close  
About a moonbeam, or a rose,  
Forbid by all my past to roam

Beyond the Covenant of Home,  
Whose hands have stayed the sacred Ark  
Deep graven with my finger's mark.  
All this, about me and mine own,  
I set above me on a throne,  
And kneel before, and throw above  
My royal canopy of Love.  
Our shadows withered by the sun  
Marked his increasing summits won.  
They scorched and shriveled in his flame,  
And vanished from us as we came  
Where Redwood tells the future gains  
Of her wide heritage of plains;  
As the seas level, as the seas  
Swept into ripples by the breeze,  
And archipelagoed by trees,  
Majestic spreading oaks, that rise  
Like island walls against the skies.  
To him, whose soul is tuned aright,  
What melodies of sound—and sight;  
What fairy tapestries are wove  
Of the moonbeams in yonder grove.  
What white limbs flash when Dryads fling  
From them their leafy covering.  
All this so beautiful, alas!  
All These so beautiful, must pass  
When Vesta lights her altar fires  
To be their sacrificial pyres,  
And stronger Lares of the hearth  
Cast out the Gods of outer earth.

Slowly the Sun God's chariot wheeled  
Down the long, westward sloping field;  
We followed in his steps and came  
Where Beauty rises, as a flame  
Flung round th' Unutterable Name.  
So shines her soul where Woodside fills  
A green nook, riven from the hills.  
From whence a shining valley keeps  
Step with its guardian mountain steeps.  
Men call it Portola; to me  
It is my fields of Arcadie.  
Ah, here were dignity and peace;  
The larger statured soul's increase;  
Surcease from sordid loss and gain  
That leave a scar, or leave a stain.  
Here Life, with cleaner hands, might bring  
To Death a nobler offering.  
Here might my soul's abiding place  
Arise in antique Attic grace  
Of ivory moonbeams, and thereon  
A rose carved by the hands of Dawn.  
A pillar from the purple halls  
Of Night, torn from the higher walls,  
Whose lonely summits catch from far  
The silver gleaming of the star,  
A block from his triumphal way  
Gold glowing from the feet of Day.  
A window free to all the stars,  
A door latched by the morning's bars.  
And shining pinnacles above

The seven-hued web that Iris wove.  
A pathway to the Star of Hope,  
Long alien to my horoscope.  
Ah, here indeed, if I am I,  
As I was I in years gone by,  
I, who with boyish folly shod,  
Yet held the Shining Clew of God,  
Here drifting down serener streams  
Of time, upon my bark of dreams,  
Whose purple sails and ivory prow  
Flashed from the tumult of my brow,  
Here I unhappy, even I,  
Might proffer These above the sky;  
Above the sky, but not above  
My antique loyalty and love,  
Lustrous and held above the strife  
My Iridescent Pearl of Life.  
We came to where the cross roads meet  
And part beside the mountain's feet.  
And one road in contentment yields  
Its life to bound the level fields,  
And from their lesser summit gains  
The lesser guerdon of the plains.  
And one with higher purpose thrills  
To curb the hot pride of the hills,  
And sets its patient, stubborn length  
Against th' imperious mountain's strength.  
Here is a spot of Holy Ground;  
The roads encompass it around,  
Three pine trees from its bosom rise

To search the secrets of the skies ;  
They speak in whispers when the wind  
Cuts through the trees, and leaves are thinned,  
To two majestic oaks, that stand  
Across the road on either hand.  
And here of old a willow stood,  
An alien in the native wood.  
Oh, Heart! Of all supreme desire,  
Oh, Soul! With white wings in the mire,  
Oh God! The Many Voiced, Who spoke  
A Threat and promise when I woke,  
If dearer be, where all is dear,  
With love exceeding, it is Here.  
The inner Holies, wherein stands  
The Altar of the Holy Lands,  
Wherefrom I shall not take again  
The Sacrament of Joy or Pain.  
Though here again my steps drew nigh,  
Not I, but the sad ghost of I ;  
Ghost of a shadow, wanned and thinned,  
And whipped upon the wanton wind,  
Would throw itself before, and clutch  
The Past with a despairing touch.  
Light laughter dashed its sparkling foam  
Towards the august purple dome  
That bent above, and seemed to chide  
With its solemnity star eyed,  
This spray upon the waves of speech  
That rippled on our rainbowed beach,  
Which, we unknowing, was the shore

That guards the shrine of Nevermore.  
From hearts flung open wide, we spoke,  
Our words fantastic as the smoke  
That from the fading fires beneath  
Ascended in a wind tossed wreath.  
Light fancies, as might please the ear  
Of Faun or Oread listening near;  
Flotsam and jetsam, wayward flung,  
From Pagan heart and lawless tongue.  
I, Pagan of a type antique,  
And thou half savage and half Greek;  
Drunk with Delight and crowned with Joy,  
In the divine right of the boy.  
It pleased me well to win such grace,  
Though but a white-winged moment's space,  
To mix my deeper soul's alloy  
With the bright heart's gold of the boy;  
And drawn from my forbidden heights,  
To warm my heart at the twin lights  
That flashed and sparkled from the sheath  
Of the brown velvet underneath.  
Oh, burnt out marvel of the eyes  
That watched with me—in Paradise,  
Through the white glamour of a night  
Drenched in star shining and moonlight;  
In what fair heavens was relumed  
The splendour that the God resumed,  
The light which might not pass away,  
Though thou art dust beneath the clay.  
Sleep laid his finger on thy lips;

Sleep touched thy brown eyes to eclipse;  
And that which was in essence Thou  
Vanished from lip and eye and brow,  
And left me lonely in the night,  
God and myself and my soul's light.  
And a wind whispered to the trees  
The secret of old melodies.  
The silence of the forest stirred  
My soul with a forgotten word,  
That fluttered on elusive wing,  
That circled round my brow, to bring-  
Increasing memories, dim but vast,  
Of us in our remoter past.  
And in this place and on this night  
I won of my withheld birthright  
Some little part, a golden page  
Torn glowing from a Golden Age.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hill slopes eastward, that the Sun  
May linger ere his heights be won,  
And lingering, turn adoringly  
To the best sight his eyes may see,  
The Perfect Pearl of Attic Art,  
God's soul and Man's in equal part.  
Man dreamed a pearl, the pearl he wrought  
With All the Gods behind the thought.  
So fair! Its counterpart might rise  
On their Olympus o'er the skies,  
Wherein the Sun God and the Nine

Might claim, with jealousy divine,  
A portion of Athene's shrine.  
And thou and I, upon the rim  
Of that green hill top, stood with Him;  
And saw, perchance with eyes grown dim,  
The rosy lipped caress of Dawn  
Adoringly and slow withdrawn,  
Pressed on the new-born Parthenon.  
We stood upon a turf inlaid  
With tangled breadths of light and shade.  
And we were Greek, and Greece was Greece  
In her fair prime and prime's increase.

\* \* \* \* \*

The vision vanished from my eyes  
Left staring at the midnight skies.  
I watched the patient stars grow dim  
And pass beyond the heaven's rim;  
They hung a moment on the crest  
Of the black mountains in the west,  
Upon the redwoods branches tossed  
They signaled to me, and were lost.  
The forest stirred with vague unrest,  
And an old memory in my breast.  
I hushed my heart beneath the shade  
To hear the wood Gods in the glade;  
I leaned my soul with listening ear  
An antique melody to hear  
I heard of yore where rivers ran  
Through reedy vales Arcadian,



The wild sweet syrinx pipes of Pan.  
And at the old remembered chords  
My thoughts flashed from me into words;  
Slipped from the mind's leash, and outran  
Beyond the measure of my plan,

A PRAYER UNTO THE GREAT GOD PAN.

Oh, where art Thou, on yonder charmed mountains,  
From whence enchanted fountains  
Slip through the tangled brake,  
'Neath the tall redwoods' plumed heads to slake  
Their deeper thirst at yonder shining lake—  
Here dost thou sit and call  
To the white Naiad of the waterfall?

Clothed in the meshes of her golden hair  
Is she not passing fair,  
And wonderfully white,  
Seen in the ebon chambers of the night?  
Beats not thy God's heart quicker at the sight  
Of that fair body, seen  
A gleam of white amidst the living green?

Or dost thou rather sit alone, and brood  
In some far solitude,  
Of all thy lands that lie  
In field and forest marsh and mountain high  
Far flung to the far edges of the sky?

Here dost thou think of Her  
While the soft sighing winds of memory stir?

Still dost thou see within thy fierce embrace  
That fair and frightened face,  
Still do thine arms enfold  
The roses and the ivory and gold  
Of that fair form within thy wanton hold,  
That left thee but a reed  
To serve the heights and depths of a God's need?

Yet doth her immortality of gain  
Rise o'er the loss and pain;  
Her weak and woman's heart  
Become th' immortal instrument of Art,  
Of the wide Universe of Sound a part  
Throbs on thy mountains, lingers 'neath thy trees,  
Soul-stirring and heart-breaking melodies.

Star shining and moonlight upon thy brow,  
Art thou not near us now,  
Now while the earth receives  
Artemis' golden-feathered shafts, and weaves  
Them with the benediction of green leaves;  
A tapestry to fall  
In green and gold upon thy palace wall?

Lo! thou art near to me, for I am Greek,  
Moulded in lines antique;  
Greek, when the perfect flower

Of Greece blew whitest in a golden hour,  
Whereof the scent remains to us for dower;  
Crushed 'neath the ages' feet,  
But still immortally and wildly sweet.

And here is Greece, and here is Arcadie,  
Now, here, about us three,  
Thou and the boy and I,  
We, who lie here, and thou, who standest by,  
So near that thou mightst touch us where we lie,  
Now, while the forest grieves  
With an old secret whispered by the leaves.

Now hath he pledged and given awhile to keep  
His boyish soul to Sleep;  
He lies with his fair face  
Upon his arm, in strong, unconscious grace.  
I may not seek his soul's abiding place,  
Who have no clew to keep  
Step with him in his labyrinths of sleep.

Thou, wert thou Heracles, then he to thee  
Should the young Hylas be;  
Wert thou the God of Light,  
Thou shouldst stoop down from an adoring height  
To bear him past the jealous West Wind's might,  
Lest Hyacinthus slain  
Repurple earth with his sweet flowers of pain.

Now he is far from me, and thou art near,  
A God whom not I fear;

I, too, am earth of Earth,  
Earth born, I seek the fond, familiar hearth,  
In the wide halls of her who gave me birth;  
And love thee not the less  
For thy goats' hoofs and thy limbs' shagginess.

Sweet, sweet, oh, passing sweet, it were to hear,  
Though but with my soul's ear,  
Thy pipes, oh, Great God Pan,  
In wild, delirious melodies that ran  
Like wild fire through the vales Arcadian.  
Oh, sound them for my sake  
That I may scale the heavens of heart break.

Oh, Pan, if from the mountain or the forest,  
Come when our need is sorest;  
Stride o'er the shadowed page  
With thy goats' hoofs and crush with a God's rage  
The false ideals of an iron age;  
Teach us the golden lore  
Of all the golden pages of before.

—So ran my fancies while I kept  
My vigils o'er the boy who slept;  
So near, he slumbered at my side;  
So far, the shoreless seas are wide  
And deep that rose between us twain;  
He, like young Hyacinthus, slain  
By a God's Love; for Sleep awhile

Had slain his soul, whose boyish smile  
Flashed on white wings across the grace  
Of his serene, untroubled face;  
And I, who reached out from the Night  
Above her darkness and her light,  
To struggle with the Infinite.  
Now Dawn, in rose and saffron shod,  
Stepped through the gateways of the God,  
With rosy-lipped persuasion won  
Night's summits to the Radiant One;  
On the broad shield his blazoned bars  
Displaced her coronet of stars;  
Despoiled of all her gems, she fled  
With one pale star upon her head.  
And the old miracle, retold  
In rose, in saffron, and in gold,  
Threw wide the folded gates, that keep  
Their ward upon the eyes of sleep.  
And that the mountain still was strong  
That man had girdled with his thong,  
And that its heart but half confessed  
His leash across its haughty breast;  
We rose when Dawn proclaimed the Day,  
And went with him our westward way.  
A hundred heights impetuous cast  
Their shadow o'er us as we passed.  
And every gracious moment drew  
The curtain from some fairer view.  
We scaled its crest, and stood at length  
Above the mountain's conquered strength,

And East and West on either hand,  
The Poet's Land, The Holy Land.  
A stainless vision without flaw  
Flashed up beneath us, and we saw,  
Saw in the distance Stanford's lift  
A mortal love's Immortal Gift;  
A gracious and a Godlike fruit  
Of Human and of bitter root;  
A priceless wine, whose grapes were trod  
And crushed beneath the feet of God;  
Hers is the Large Writ Scroll, to prove  
Man's Immortality of Love;  
And all the great and gracious dower  
From Sorrow golden-linked to Power.  
So sharp the mountain walls divide  
The alien worlds of either side,  
The red hearts of the East and West  
Throbbled with full pulses through the breast  
That lay on either side confessed.  
Lay East th' illumined scroll of God,  
But half effaced where man had trod;  
A shining palimpsest, unrolled  
In green and azure, lit with gold,  
God's chosen colours, scattered free,  
Green Time's fair handmaid, Blue to be,  
The warden of Eternity.  
And fairly written, strong and sure,  
Here Man had scrawled his signature  
On field and forest, stamping down  
The deeper impress of a town,

White, between blue and green, to stand  
His seals upon the goodly land.  
The goodly land of corn and wine,  
Of reddening tree, and purpling vine;  
The summer suns, the winter rains,  
Run in sweet madness through her veins;  
And the kind, ordered madness yields  
The trebled tithes of fertile fields.  
The lesser forehead of the plain  
Is wrinkled o'er with loss and gain;  
But still the Sacred West shall be  
Free mountains, bounded by the free,  
No man's dominion of the sea.  
Here man hath set no stain and flaw  
Of his forged seal on Nature's law.  
When the young stars for gladness sang  
These heights and deeps with echoes rang;  
And still the Poet's vision sees  
In all the multitudinous trees,  
The branches that the fair young Earth  
Set for the Mayday round her hearth,  
In the first springtime of her birth.  
Whereof today La Honda weaves  
Herself a coronet of leaves.  
Queen of the twilight lands, that pay  
No homage to the God of Day;  
His golden arrows blunted fall  
Against her haughty forest wall.  
A woodland princess, in her eyes  
Is more of sunset than sunrise.

She sees the white tents of her folk  
Encircled by the camp fire's smoke,  
Between her and the ruddy glow  
The barefoot boys pass to and fro;  
Their careless fingers clutch the wealth  
Of stainless and untainted health;  
They learn the lore of Nature's books,  
The woods, the mountains, and the brooks,  
The shining Words of God, that teach  
The soul the Universal Speech.  
Day fled, defeated and discrowned,  
Night's sable garments swept us round.  
So near! Our souls together crept,  
Huddled away from Her who swept  
In all the dreadful pageantry  
That Jove unveiled to Semele,  
Wherefrom man hides his eyes, lest sight  
Be blasted by excess of light.  
So hid our souls from Her; but soon  
Upon the heights a silver moon,  
The top and crown of all I dreamed,  
Flashed through the purple void, and seemed,  
Seen through the branches of the trees,  
A shining sail on unknown seas.  
And the fair Sister of the Day  
Brushed with her light our fears away;  
The younger, kindlier God dispelled  
That August Awfulness of Eld.  
Full soon thy captive spirit wore  
The chains of the kind conqueror,



The gentle and the golden chains  
Wherein the loser tells his gains.  
It is an awful thing to keep  
Long vigils in the shrine of Sleep;  
To stare deep-eyed upon the eyes  
From which no answering light replies;  
To question lips that may not reach  
The shattered golden strings of speech;  
To seek the soul whose wings are furled  
On unknown heights of some new world.  
An awful—and a holy thing,  
I bid My Mother Night to bring  
From Her high heights, that holiest are,  
Where the star whispers to the star,  
Through the awed skies the Cosmic Spell  
That links the Heavens, Earth and Hell  
With secrets that they may not tell;  
Hence let her bring again, although  
My heart shall break anew to know  
All the vast blackness and the light  
That burnt the blackness of the night;  
And the tall redwoods boughs unfurled  
Whose topmost branches roofed the world,  
Where my unquiet spirit stood  
Between thee and the solitude  
Of God, the mountains and the wood.  
Ah, Friend, the Human overmuch  
Drew me from some Diviner Touch;  
Else had I, watching in the bright  
And perfect beauty of that night,

Bridged with my soul the deep abyss  
Where yonder Upper Silence is;  
Had won the subtle spell that taught  
The Whence, the Where, the Why; had caught  
Some secret of Eternal things;  
Had drunk deep draughts of heavenly springs;  
Had ate of that forbidden fruit  
Whose flower was madness, and whose root  
Crept through waste spaces of the years  
To underflowing streams of tears.  
Friend of an Unforgotten Day,  
What light shall fall upon my way  
Save that heart-breaking splendour, cast  
Through the stained windows of the Past,  
That grim, gaunt shrine where Memory is;  
Stabbed with forbidden ecstasies,  
Sharp pangs of old-time Joy and Pain  
Flung from their ruthless hands, to stain  
With sullen and with dreadful red  
Her white lips pressed against her Dead.  
Oh, My Dear Lands! My Radiant Lands!  
Where Pleasure gave me both her hands,  
Where Hope her gilded bauble set  
Whereof no hue remaineth yet;  
Now only black-robed Memory broods  
Above her barren solitudes.  
One hope remains of old desires;  
One glowing coal of faded fires;  
That in their green and gentle breast  
I rest who knew not, shall find rest.

Aye, soft shall fall o'er heart and brow,  
Unquiet, but grown quiet now,  
Though careless flung by stranger hands  
The earth of My Remembered Lands.

## THE HOUSE OF SPLENDID VISIONS

Prince of Desolation, God to whom no gracious odors rise  
Of the flowers upon the altar, or the meats of sacrifice,  
There are dearer, richer offerings that find favor in thine  
eyes.

Thine, the subtle odors rising from the garlands of regret;  
Thine, the tears that scorch in falling; thine, the soul's  
corroding sweat,  
Poured from brimming cups of anger, when The Twelve  
are secret met.

I shall know thee when thou comest, thou whose livid  
brows are crowned  
With a wreath of scarlet poppies, plucked upon the ghostly  
ground  
Where the sullen waters wander, demon haunted, without  
sound.

I shall know thee not to fear thee; thou and I have often  
met  
In the jousting at the tourney, where the lists of Life are  
set;  
We have met, and thou wert victor; but the end was never  
yet.

Shall I know and shall I wonder, in the dawn of some new  
day,

At the House of Splendid Visions, tenantless and in decay,  
And the halls a God hath dwelt in, mingling with the  
common clay?

Shall I wake to fear and loathing when the earth-worm  
nearer crawls,  
Creeping through the open doorways, creeping o'er the  
crumbling walls,  
Rioting with rites unholy through the dark, deserted halls?

Were it all of life to live, and were it all of death to die,  
But the ages bear in travail, and the new-born babe is I,  
Whipped in fiery circles onward through the cycles of the  
sky.

Though the perfect Pearl of Memory, cast in death's cor-  
roding wine,  
Lose its lustre, pale and vanish from its old, familiar  
shrine,  
Yet shall "I" be lord and master in the halls of Thine and  
Mine.

"I," the redly glowing centre of a black circumference;  
"I," the verb to be and suffer, in an ever present tense;  
"I," a shadow, dragged a captive, in the triumph of events.

I am I through all the ages of a surety; yet am I  
But a dream of angry devils, whipped with curses from on  
high,  
Or the jest of some Mad Boy God, drunk with nectar in  
the sky?

## THE WILL OF GOD

INSCRIBED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THE "PRESIDENTS"  
OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN "REPUBLICS."

God said, "I have waited long,  
For the years are Mine to wait,  
With a patience over-strong  
And a mercy over-great.

"But now I weary at length  
Of My heavy wrath long stored;  
And I bare My arm of strength  
And the lightning of My sword.

"Let My chosen one go forth  
With the message of My mouth;  
And My armies of the North  
To war on the rebel South.

"For the land is wan and vexed  
That a double rule divides;  
And the people sore perplexed  
When the law shifts with the tides.

"And My ways are not the ways  
Of the sons of men, and still  
From out of its tangled maze  
Shines the gold clew of My Will;

"That the sword of Justice bring,  
The shelter of Mercy's shield,  
And that Peace and Order spring  
From the chaos of the Field.

"I have watched and waited long,  
And I come to count My sheaves;  
But the tares are high and strong  
And with naught thereon but leaves.

"I will sweep them from My path;  
They shall wither as a gourd  
In the furnace of My wrath.  
I have sworn it, I, the Lord."

## THE SHADOW BEFORE—AT NEW YEAR'S

Blew bugles from a far off height;  
The bells rang sweet and clear;  
Wild music in the frosty night;  
The Birthnight of the Year.

From Christmas revels lagged behind  
Still stood upon the floor  
The Lighted Tree that brought to mind  
That Other Babe of yore.

To welcome him we drew the latch;  
The Boy was passing fair,  
With eyes of cloudless blue, to match  
The sunshine of his hair.

And, oh, they cried, our steps shall keep  
Step with the Boy who goes  
Through springtime daisies drifted deep,  
And jungles of the rose.

Our Golden Rosary of Days  
In shining sequence told,  
A bead for Summer's orchard ways,  
And Autumn's sheaves of gold.

And when again returns The Birth,  
Our wonted All shall reach  
Half circled round the wonted hearth,  
And each clasp hands with each.



But one, whose sad, prophetic soul  
Strange marks of torture bore,  
Saw from the Boy's white hands unroll  
The Shadow Cast Before.

Ere Time with blighting hand shall touch  
The Boy's gold hair with gray,  
Of these, much loved, and loving much,  
One shall have passed away.

One grown All Patient, He or She,  
With white and folded hands  
Shall drift out on the unknown sea  
To undiscovered lands.

Peace! Peace! With Him or Her be Peace.  
But woe to those bereft.  
No truce with braggart peace from these  
Whom He or She hath left.

But these shall draw themselves apart  
And sit with eyes grown dim;  
Hands clutched above the breaking heart  
That breaks for Her or Him.

Shall hear with old remembered pain  
THAT voice, distinct, but thinned,  
Rise o'er the falling of the rain,  
And struggle with the wind.

And they shall tremble at the sound.  
Oh, Nature's Broken Trust!  
How wind and rain are tossed around  
Above that Sacred Dust.

Dust! Dust! Ah, Dust were passing well  
If Nature's kindlier law.  
Oh, Seven Times Heated Fires of Hell!  
If Dust were all they saw!

But THIS! This ghoulish feast of Death,  
His grim and ghastly spoils,  
From which, with terror gasping breath,  
The heart of man recoils.

Drown Memory in the black abyss.  
Heap high the earth above.  
Oh, Christ, the pitiful! Is THIS  
That which we used to love?

## TO THE WOMAN

WRITER OF THE BATTLE HYMN.

What make you, weak and Woman's hand  
With these sharp tools of Art?  
Or seek within the Poet's Land  
Where Woman hath no part?

The fiefs are many in the Land  
That owns our Lord, the Sun;  
The Star Crowned Kings about him stand,  
The vassal Queens were none.

Who bade thee rise above the height  
Of Nature's niggard plan,  
To crown thy Woman's brows with light  
And overtop the Man?

Who gave into Thy Woman's hand  
The Lightning of the Lord,  
And bade thee spill upon the land  
His Cup of Wrath long stored?

Who bade thy Woman's gentle voice  
The Trump of God to roll,  
And rise above the battle's noise  
The Thunder of the Soul?

Thy words the dying soldier found  
The thunder and its light.  
He wrapped him in the light and sound  
And went into the Night.

## GOD AND THE POET

God and the Poet and Night,  
And the Night stood still upon  
The top of her topmost height  
Midway between dusk and dawn.

Night, and a light in the night  
That lit itself and illumed;  
Wonderful, mystical, white,  
That burned and was unconsumed.

And the night was tranced to a hush;  
And sudden the winds grew still.  
And God from the Burning Bush  
Spoke to the Poet His Will.

God said to the Poet, "Thou  
Art royal. I give thee to wear  
A crown of thorns for thy brow;  
But thyself shall fashion it fair.

"Thou shalt fashion it in My Sight;  
Strength do I give thee to keep;  
I give thee light in the night;  
Watch thou, while thy brothers sleep.

"On the altar of sacrifice  
Thou shalt lay at My feet thy heart.  
Thou shalt buy thy soul with a price  
Since soul of My Soul thou art."

And the Poet stood upright  
And named the Wonderful Name  
And his soul in that fierce light  
Stood naked and without shame.

While ever within his sight  
The splendours rose and fell  
That veil th' intolerable light  
Of the Presence made visible.

## THE PASSING OF JOY

What doth young Hyacinthus here, or is it he of Troy,  
Or loved of Goddess or of God, but each the fairest boy  
That ever set a world at arms, or bade a God employ  
His shining soul in servile deeds to win a favor coy.

Or is it that fair Spartan lad, forever beautiful,  
So passing fair the water nymphs raised their white arms  
to pull  
Him down amidst the pleasant shades of waters dim and  
cool.  
For whom the great Alcides crowns his hero brows with  
wool.

Or hath the young Antinous arisen from the wave,  
And burst the leaden chains of death, the dungeons of the  
grave,  
Who led a vassal to his will, his crowned and sceptred  
slave;  
The Master of the Roman world—and impotent to save.

Nay, it is none of these dead boys, so beautiful of yore,  
Who wave their wan, white hands to us, from their dim,  
ghostly shore.  
But He, my Well Belovèd Joy, is fairer than the four,  
Though each was fairest of the fair that all the ages bore.

His brows are wonderfully white; his lips are coral red;  
Upon his cheeks the rose of York and Tudor rose are  
wed;

And when he opens his blue eyes, the erring dawn shall  
tread  
On stranger ways of unknown heights, bewildered and  
misled.

Alack! Alack! What ails the boy? He hath gone far  
to seek  
In some dim, undiscovered land, that patience pale and  
meek,  
That dulls the azure of his eyes, the roses of his cheek.  
Thrice Beautiful and Best Beloved! Speak to me when  
I speak!

Dead! Dead! And shall such Beauty die, such Glory pass  
away,  
Such Splendour leave its native heavens to hide its light  
in clay?  
Joy dead! Then let the shining dawn forsake the gates  
of day;  
That heaven and earth alike may wear a monotone of  
gray.

## GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT

Lord of Hosts, God of Battles, arm the Right!  
When the little Island Empire goes like David to the fight.

Be Thou then the shield before her,  
Be the wing to hover o'er her,  
Be her cloud of smoke by day, and be her cloud of fire by  
night.

Let the justice of her pleading  
With Thy Spirit interceding,  
Rise above the noise of battle and find favor in Thy sight.

Lord of Hosts, God of Justice, shield the Just!  
Be a mighty fortress to her, though in Thee is not her  
trust.

For her cause is high and human,  
For our Brothers' born of woman,  
Twice two hundred squalid millions, cowering abject in  
the dust.

With her strength may she uplift them,  
Save them from themselves, and gift them,  
Dower them with the gift of ransom from the brutal  
Cossack's lust.

Lord of Hosts, God of Mercy, know Thine own!  
For Thy harvest fields stand ready where the seeds of  
wrath were sown.

When Thy sickles are a-reaping,  
When Thy sheaves of grain are heaping,



When Thy harvesters are vanished, and Thy harvest fields  
all mown,  
Comes the hour of Thy awarding,  
Thy condemning, Thy rewarding,  
Sift their motives out, and judge them at the footstep of  
Thy throne.

Lord of Hosts, God of Vengeance, lift Thy hand!  
For a long black shadow lies athwart, and blights an  
ancient land.  
Serpent-subtile in its creeping,  
Tiger-cruel in its leaping,  
Let it wither as a gourd before the fire of Thy command.  
God of Vengeance, when Thy thunder  
Parts the plunderer from his plunder,  
Cursed be he who moves the landmarks and the metes  
from where they stand.

## THE GOLDEN CUPS OF GOD

INSCRIBED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Pray you, sir, content your Highness with the tribute due  
to Cæsar.

Touch not THESE! The Golden Vessels bear the  
Covenant of our lands.

Touch them not, or touch them lightly, with your soldier's  
hands, for these, sir,

THESE, the Levites of the Temple scarce may touch  
with reverent hands.

Break your adamant of purpose, rash, impetuous and  
unswerving;

Bare your feet! 'Tis holy ground whereon the Poet's  
feet have trod.

Holy, holy to the Lord, whereon his priestly hands in  
serving,

Poured the sacrificial wine from out the Golden Cups of  
God.

They were wrought by cunning workmen, in the cot and  
in the castle,

Haughty hand of Norman noble, humble hand of Saxon  
thrall,

Shaped the English metal deftly, midst the weeping or the  
wassail,

By the turf fires, at the ingle nook, the torches in the  
hall.

Cleanly souls of Northern stature climbed their Jacob's  
stairs of serving.

And the cognizance of princes lights the path of him  
who serves.

Did the graver slip within their hands? Then it may be in  
the swerving

That the golden lines grew tangled in a knot of gracious  
curves.

So the goodly cups were fashioned; and the splendour of  
their gleaming

Lit the mediæval shadows, as they passed from mouth to  
mouth;

And His Spirit touched the Poet's lips and the Poet in his  
dreaming

Set the Northern gold a-sparkle with the jewels of the  
South.

Purple gems from Grecian quarries, solemn monotones of  
colour;

Pearls despoiled from Eastern peoples; Latin gems of  
cosmic flame;

Jewish jewels from the Temple, higher, holier and duller  
With their smouldering depths a-tremble with the  
radiance of the NAME.

High and holy hands have held them; and the splendour  
of the Human

Threw diviner lights upon the antique vessels in their  
hands.

Standing upright in the Presence, unafraid, though born  
of woman,  
Heaping to a jealous God the First Fruits of our English  
lands.

Shakespeare, with his arms colossal circling all the lands  
and ages;

Keats, whose boyish hands essayed to guide the coursers  
of the sun;

Milton, soiling his high office with his treason's hell-got  
wages;

Tennyson, the golden throated, from the purple heights  
he won.

These have served the Sacred Vessels that have bound the  
kindred nations;

Linked and leashed in laws of loving by their golden  
arabesque.

They have served to pour our father's God the wine of  
our oblations,

Though your Highness' haughty humor hold the antique  
lines grotesque.

Servant, masterful in serving; Master, to your servants  
loyal;

Hotspur in the van of Progress; final apex of His plan;  
High born Tribune of the people, wearing lightly the  
Blood Royal,

Long descended, high ascended, to the red heart of the  
MAN.

Undefined and undiminished, give us back our ancient  
letters!

Moses smote the desert rock, the thirsty people drank  
their fill;

Of the Courtesy we crave you, we, your clients, are your  
debtors,

Greater that it flows reluctant from the granite of your  
will.

Master mind of many moods, your mood may make, but  
may not alter;

Lead the armies of the Morning, and we follow where  
you lead.

Handle not to their misuse the Sacred Vessels on the  
altar.

By the Splendour of the Soul of God, they still shall  
serve our need!

## THE CALL TO ARMS

Children of the Rising Sun, return!  
For new lights are glowing where the ancient watch fires  
burn.

Come from lowlands and from highlands,  
And a thousand tropic islands,  
Tangled in a knot of emeralds in the amethystine blue.  
To the mother-land that bore ye,  
With the Sun Flag floating o'er ye,  
And the old familiar pathways that your wandering foot-  
steps knew.

Children of the Rising Sun, come home!  
From the far-off western land across the foam.  
Drop the mattock and the spade,  
And the tools of toil and trade;  
There are nobler tools a-forging in the furnace of events.  
There's the land for your assistance,  
There's the foe for your resistance,  
With his vast and brutish body sprawled across two conti-  
nents.

Children of the Rising Sun, go forth!  
For your Mother sets a banquet for the vultures in the  
north.  
There'll be service at the feast  
For the greatest and the least,  
For each son of the old empire, old two thousand years  
ago.

While the crimson tide is flowing,  
And the banquet lights are glowing,  
And the vultures gorge their greedy fill upon the spread  
of snow.

Children of the Rising Sun, arise!  
For the fiery skeins of lightning are tangled in the skies.  
There's the roll and crash of thunder  
As the old worlds fall asunder;  
But the strong young eastern Britain from the storm and  
stress shall spring;  
With the glamour of old splendour,  
New ideals to defend her,  
And with shelter for the peoples of the Orient 'neath her  
wing.

## "THE GIFT TO DIE"

TO MY LADY FORTUNE.

Out on you, harlot! Gorged with gold,  
Giving your all to churl and clown;  
Drab of a play day, bought and sold,  
Body and soul and scarlet gown.

Flung as a plaything to the base,  
Tossed as a toy from man to man,  
Where each may win you and wear a space,  
And he may have you and hold—who can.

And so you have come for a moment's stay.  
I may clip and kiss you and claim my right.  
And who was it won you yesterday?  
And who shall win you tomorrow night?

Yet yesterday to have won your kiss,  
The Judas kiss from your lips that fell,  
Why, I would have given my all for this,  
Body and soul to burn in hell.

Now, Patience, a beggar, sits outworn;  
The gates of Reserve are flung apart;  
And I write my name in the Book of Scorn  
With the last black drops of a breaking heart.

I had not cared that my life should hold  
In a red and rabble rout of noise,



Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor gold,  
The overgrown children's outworn toys.

They were naught to a soul like mine; for so  
I had been content had the path I trod  
Borne the Red Flower of the Poet's woe,  
And the Bitter Fruit of the Tree of God.

Oh, he who is born to the Purple, *Knows*.  
And God be my Judge! I knew it well,  
While thrice a decade of wants and woes  
I served my time at the gates of hell.

But who that passed me by should see  
Beneath the cloak of hodden gray,  
The purple and gold of Royalty  
Sparkle and flash and burn away?

And up from desperate depths of me  
And down from despairing heights, my eye  
Flung them with mocking courtesy  
The Poet's arrogant I Am I.

I had but a soul, and I threw my all,  
A pearl of price, in an Esau's pot.  
I clinched the chain on, sorrow's thrall,  
And little reward I won, God wot.

I bent my soul to the body's need,  
And wrought at a starved and stubborn soil

Apples of Sodom were my meed,  
And the jester's cap to crown my toil.

I chose perforce the worser part.  
And the pangs of an impotent desire  
Stabbed in and seared against my heart  
Cut like a sword and burn like fire.

Roses grow by the garden walk;  
Roses grow on the garden wall;  
They are dear to me, flower and stalk,  
Heart's blood, soul's sweat drenched them all.

A star in a midnight tempest tossed;  
A gleam of light upon wintry seas;  
And so—the battle was fought and lost,  
And my soul was priced at toys like these.

And my soul against its prison bars  
Beat in its impotent despair,  
For the clean white spaces of the stars  
And the blue serene of the upper air;

For the cool green silence of the wood;  
For the white-lipped voices of the sea;  
For the purple hills of solitude,  
And the golden paths of liberty.

But if for a moment, in idle whim,  
Or patient passion, I tried to slip

The gyves from bruised and bleeding limb,  
Duty, the master, cracked his whip.

Out on you, now, you two-faced jade!  
Your fickle favors are dearly bought.  
Come if you will and ply your trade.  
But come as you will, you will come unsought.

Though you gave as a God might give, and not  
From a miser's fingers, scrimped and doled,  
As a God might give to a God, God wot,  
Of his myrrh and frankincense and gold,

I would pass them by with heedless eyes;  
I would not see, or I would not care;  
I would give them all for the pearl of price  
That you can not give and I can not wear;

For the soul that answered the wood bird's note,  
Or spread its wings and adventured far,  
For the heart that under the ragged coat  
Throbbled to the pulse of sun and star.

Though you flung your glittering jewels high  
Till they spilled from the golden cup again,  
I would choose from all but "The Gift to Die,"  
And to cleanse my soul from the souls of men.

## THE GOLDEN SPURS OF GOD

Leave me here, I pray, a little. Thou art Thou and I am I.  
Thou and I rise up between us, and the mad Gods in the  
sky.

Thou art cloth of gold of morning, lit with iridescent  
gleams;

I am purple stuff of midnight, pierced with opal light of  
dreams;

Thou art soft and shining, painted pink and white, a pretty  
toy,

Dandled on the lap of Nature, fondled in the arms of Joy;  
I, the ghost of some lost God, who wander on from age  
to age,

Through the endless cycles, seeking my witholden heritage.  
I am immortelles of graveyards; thou art roses drenched  
in dew;

Who shall bind the twain together? What shall be be-  
tween us two?

Leave me now, again I pray thee, for the sentry stars are  
drawn

All about night's ancient temples, midway between dusk  
and dawn.

Playday friend, await our play-days. I alone would win  
and wear

In my soul a deeper secret than the heart of man may  
bear.

Raised upon despairing heights and plunged in guilty deeps  
again,

Wrenching from the churlish warders Whence and Where  
and Why and When.

'Tis the place as once I knew it. I, the ghost of him who  
knew,  
Free to walk the earth till cock-crow, seek my olden paths  
anew;  
Ocean View, that from the distance overlooks the shifting  
sands  
Flung from roaring ocean caverns on her wan and wasted  
lands.  
Here of old, a boy I wandered where the ocean mists are  
curled  
Round the hilltops sloping westward to the edges of the  
world.  
In a labyrinth of shadows, dreaming some old dream anew,  
Clutching with a boyish ardor broken sword and tangled  
clew.  
Many a night from yonder casement did I watch Orion  
rise  
With his jeweled girdle striding with wide steps across  
the skies;  
Many a night I watched the Pleiads with their patient  
eyes grown dim  
Seek beloved and lost Electra strayed beyond the heaven's  
rim;  
Many a night when night was flying did I see a pallid  
Dawn  
Shrink reluctant from her chambers with a pall of mist  
o'er drawn;  
Saw the sentry stars retreating, driven from the heavenly  
field,  
And the golden bars of morning flaunt above night's sable  
shield.

All the pageantry of Nature fed the altar fires of Art,  
Twin and equal royal sisters, regnant ever in my heart.  
And I walked in rhythmic madness and in airy fetters  
bound,  
Captive to a dream of Beauty and a melody of sound.  
Hark! What God compelling thunder splits the earth  
from pole to pole,  
What divine abysses open, driving lightnings round my  
soul!  
Hark! What ecstasies of battle and what clash of Gods at  
strife,  
'Tis the Blind Old Beggar calls me, thundering at the  
gates of life.  
Homer, dead, but ever Deathless; Homer, the All Seeing  
blind;  
Homer, begging bitter bread, and King of all the Kings of  
mind.  
Falls a gleam of Antique Splendour on the jacket of the  
boy;  
NOW, the Golden Age about him, HERE, before the walls  
of Troy.  
Dawn above beleaguered Ilium and the Greek encampment  
hums  
With the voice of many peoples, for divine Achilles  
comes.  
Pallas, cold and Tudor hearted, with the lightning of her  
glance  
Flashed from frozen deeps of azure, leads the van of  
Greek advance.  
Phœbus, standing from the rabble of the lesser Gods  
apart,

Guards the sacred walls that rose responsive to his Poet  
 Art.  
 Oh, the splendour of the madness; oh, the glory of the  
 dream  
 Flashing through the gates of ivory, with All Beauty for  
 its theme.  
 Fancy, brought to bed of Sorrow, in his shower of golden  
 rain  
 Feels the throbbing of Her First Born, with an old remem-  
 bered pain.  
 Fancy, fleeing Time's duress on wings of wide aspiring,  
 spills  
 Antique gems from Eastern quarries on a slope of Western  
 hills.  
 While the boy, as Ganymede, caught in upper space and  
 whirled  
 On titanic wings of light above the shadow of the world,  
 Ate in trembling of the spirit and with gasping of the  
 breath  
 That forbidden Fruit of Life in those forgotten halls of  
 death.  
 Homer's magic and the boy! Ah, here was wild and bitter  
 work  
 Brewed in some Medea's caldron in a haunted midnight  
 mirk.  
 Woe to him whose boyish fingers pluck the dragon-guarded  
 fruit  
 That hath sorrow for its blossom and black madness for  
 its root.  
 I am free and franchised yonder on the heights beyond the  
 stars,

Free to guide the Sun God's coursers through the morn-  
ing's shining bars.  
But a crownless prince I wander, and in royal rags I  
stand,  
Stranger to my mother age and alien in my father's land.  
And my eyes grow dull and heavy, wounded by exceeding  
light,  
And my ears are vexed with voices crying ceaseless in the  
night.  
Life, a drab in outworn tatters, hastens to her sullen  
close  
In a masque of Fates and Furies and a mire of Wants and  
Woes.  
Better I were lying yonder, where the golden poppies, spun  
From his raveled cloth of satin, rise to greet Our Lord,  
the Sun.  
Where nemophila lies weeping tears of dew from her blue  
eyes  
For her deeper deeps of azure in the walls of paradise.  
Nay, but Nature hath her vengeance; banned and barred  
and broken, still  
As a God, exacts her incense; as a woman, works her will.  
Angry Nature smears her tablets and the straight lines of  
her plan;  
And the heavens gain a Poet—but the world hath lost a  
Man.  
Man is one as God unchanging; but the Poet still is three,  
Man and boy and woman, mingled in a changing trinity.  
And the boy within my bosom, starved and stinted, still  
shall claim



Dew of morning to my noonday, though it shrink in that  
fierce flame.

I, the dreamer, in my dreaming dreamed a deeper, truer  
truth

In the silver bubbles floating in the golden halls of youth;  
Found in his fantastic follies the fulfilling of the law,

Beauty in the blackened blot and all perfection in the flaw.

Oh, to throw from off my soul the purple pall of mournful  
rhyme!

Oh, to wrench one hour of morning from the niggard hand  
of Time!

Oh, to see the years behind me swiftly lessening down the  
night,

All the world untrod before me at the breaking of the  
light!

Oh, to see, a careless boy, the gilded bark of morning float  
Through the rosy seas of ether and through purple hills  
remote!

This were more than Poet's poem; this were more than  
singer's song;

Though the ages swept them starwards on increasing  
currents strong.

Fool! If Fancy lead thy footsteps, let her lead them to  
thy gain.

Get thyself largesse from Sorrow and a guerdon out of  
Pain.

Shall the boy's weak fingers, clutching his mirage of  
earthly things

Hold thy wild, exulting sorrow, soaring on exalted wings?

Wilt thou lead the ages captive in a fickle chain of joy

Of the evanescent roses from the forehead of the boy?  
Drown thy soul in azure deeps of his serene, untroubled  
eyes;

Jove-like, set his shining hair a constellation in the skies.  
This were folly past the folly that a folly's wage beseems;  
This were folly crowned by madness at the ivory gate of  
dreams.

There be braver banners flying than the banner of the boy,  
With its field of gold and azure and its crimson rose of  
joy.

Throw thy all within the balance; weigh thy more against  
his less;

Thou art captive—Crowned and Sceptred—murmur not at  
thy duress.

Ate lights the torch of fancy and the Furies fly behind;  
He shall pawn his heart who wears the costly jewels of  
the mind.

Let thy almond flower of Beauty bloom upon the barren  
rod;

And thy scattered Rose of Passion strew the path that  
leads to God.

Gather thee thy little all, and bring the undiminished whole  
To the Lord in many regions and the Captain of the Soul.  
Oh, the stars in heaven are many; but the Sun is crowned  
and One,

And his star-crowned vassals render homage to Our Lord,  
the Sun.

Keats, untimely slain in battle; Shelley, dead beside the  
sea;

Tennyson, the flawless mirror to reflect all chivalry;

Homer's shining antique spear and Shakespeare's mediæval  
lance;  
These have rifled all the castles in the kingdom of  
Romance.  
And the golden halls stand empty, and the shining land lies  
bare,  
And the lesser knights but gather crumbs of Honour for  
their share.  
Wilt thou at the laureled altar break the Bread of Life  
with these,  
Drink the sacrificial chalice to its black and bitter lees;  
Waiting in the inner holies, spirit naked and unshod,  
For the Accolade of Phœbus, and the Golden Spurs of  
God?

## THE GIFT OF THE SOUTH TO LINCOLN

As Florence drew about her breast the lilies of her scorn,  
And sent an exile from her heart, her First and Eldest  
born,

The flawless gem, the flashing star, the fair, imperial  
flower, .

Which might, diminished twenty times, have been a  
nation's dower;

So we, exalted o'er the lands, to whom the Babe was born,  
Received him with our lamps unfilled, and laughed the  
Gift to scorn.

The river of our ancient blood, a river deep and wide,  
Encircled with its sullen waves our purple peaks of pride.  
The crownèd phantoms of our race, their ghostly voices  
cast

Into His balances, that weigh the future with the past.  
Our voice annulled the voice of God, we trod the blossom  
down;

Ourselves, with ruthless hands, despoiled the Jewel from  
our Crown.

Our Morning Star, by night forbid to give its light, went  
forth;

Our Wandering Pleiad rose afar, the Pole Star of the  
North.

\* \* \* \* \*

And as the faithless city yearns in pangs of mother pain,  
And stretches forth her empty hands to claim her own  
again,

Our earth-born voices cry to him across the voiceless  
void;  
We strive to warm our hearts before the fire ourselves  
destroyed.  
And still the Thought! That fadeless lamp on altars of  
regret.  
Might Time approach Eternity to pay so dear a debt!  
To us remains, with hands made clean, with contrite  
hearts to bring  
Such gifts as Love may lay before a Prophet, Priest and  
King.  
We give a gift, a gracious gift, a gift of gifts, to shine  
More dear than frankincense, or myrrh, or gold before  
his shrine.  
We give the purple of our pride, the scarlet of our sin,  
Wherewith to weave a snow-white pall for him who lies  
within.  
Doubt not he knows! Doubt not to him, the Just and  
Merciful,  
Our purple is as cloth of gold, our scarlet white as wool.

## MISERERE DOMINE

OCTOBER 10, 1911.

Thou dost not know, My Well Beloved,  
    Within her bosom sleeping,  
With what mad steps the earth hath moved  
    That holds thee in her keeping.  
Thou shalt not know; and I rejoice  
    That These, at least, are holy;  
God's Silence o'er the people's voice,  
    And Death above life's folly.

The people greet their queen today,  
    Their new crowned Progress hailing.  
Oh, God! If this their mirth, I pray  
    Let me not hear their wailing.  
From spirit heights I see beyond.  
    Oh, discord of tomorrow!  
Oh, glad, exultant voices wanned  
    And beaten thin by Sorrow!

Oh, Christ! In yonder Human shrine;  
    Oh, God! Above its steeple;  
Oh, Mystic Trinity Divine,  
    Pity this frenzied people.  
Thy rods to heal their sin, oh, Lord,  
    With gracious balms of Sadness;  
Draw not the lightning of Thy Sword  
    To slay them in their Madness.

I kneel within a falling shrine,  
Before a broken altar;  
An outworn creed I hold divine,  
With loyal lips I falter.  
Between me and a sacred flame  
Her scarlet robes are flaunting;  
Between me and the Holy Name  
Her sacrilegious vaunting.

Upon exceeding mountain heights  
Her Guilty World is tendered.  
But I retain mine ancient rights,  
Serenely unsundered.  
She shall not claim my sacred wine,  
The Sacrament of Sorrow;  
The Bitter Bread of God is mine,  
And mine is Death's Tomorrow.

Dear Dead! The feet of Death are clean  
From all her crimson welter.  
Thou liest on yon slope of green  
With yon green hills for shelter.  
And that I loathe Life's stain and flaw,  
And also that I love thee,  
I, too, would rest by thee, and draw  
Yon gracious green above me.

## THE PRAYER OF THE WEST

### *Judge Thou Between Them*

We thank Thee, oh, God of our fathers, for the gift of the  
sword and the clew;  
For the strength to drive nations before us, for the  
patience to build them anew;  
For Thy Light to Thy servants restricted, and Thy  
Promise reserved to the few.

We thank Thee, oh, God, that Thy Wisdom hath made us  
Thy shepherds, to keep  
With the sword of the flesh and the spirit, the steps of  
Thy wandering sheep.  
That hath showed us the fields of Thy harvest, and the  
sickle wherewith we shall reap.

We have set forth our lamps on the mountains, that the  
nations might see them from far;  
O'er deserts and seas and morasses, we have followed the  
course of Thy Star,  
That Thy Light might be got of the shadows, and Thy  
Peace of the travail of war.

*Thou art mighty, oh, God, Thou art just,  
And we who are dust of the dust,  
We cry to Thy Justice to witness how well we have served  
in our trust.*



We have sought out the festering places; we have swept  
them with fire and with sword;  
In the dungeons of heathenish darkness, we have let in  
the light of Thy Word.  
The paths and the highways are garnished, and made clean  
for the steps of the Lord.

We have hunted their priests from the altars, where the  
blasphemous wonders were shown;  
And their heathenish temples lie shattered, or standing  
deserted and lone,  
Shut silence and shadows to worship, the impotent idols  
o'erthrown.

We have broken their tyrants, and lifted the serf to the  
heights of a man;  
In the race to the swift and the strong, we were foremost,  
but still, as we ran  
We paused in the sweating and tumult, and hewed to the  
lines of Thy Plan.

*Thou art mighty, oh, God, Thou art good,  
If our hands be not guiltless of blood,  
Yet we cry to Thy Goodness to witness how we have with-  
held and withstood.*

Comes Esau, the seller of birthrights, to clutch at a birth-  
right forsworn;  
Come princes of paganish peoples; come peoples decadent,  
outworn;

And the walls of Thy citadel crumble, blown down by the  
blast of their horn.

We are thrown as a prey to the spoiler; they compass our  
way with their wrath;

We sink in their whirlpools of envy, that are set as a pit in  
our path;

We are flung from the rocks of their hatred, and pierced  
by the lances of Gath.

Oh, God of our fathers from olden, Destroyer and Builder,  
we claim

Thy Promise, delivered in thunders, and circled by curses  
of flame,

And Thy visible aid, as the sanction of the deeds we have  
done in Thy Name.

*Thou art mighty, Lord Christ, who wert human,*

*And we, who are compassed with foeman,*

*We cry to Thy throne for assistance, in the lifting of man  
born of woman.*

## THE CRY OF THE EAST

### *Judge Thou Between Them*

We were great of aforetime; our fathers, from their seat  
on the roof of the world,  
Looked down on the valleys beneath them, where the  
smoke of their camp fires upcurled,  
And their trumpets rolled thunders before them, and their  
strength on the valleys was hurled.

Their lightnings flashed down from the mountains; they  
girdled the earth with a flame;  
They pressed to the lips of the nations the red cup of  
trembling and shame;  
And the lands fled away from their coming, and the  
desert sprang up when they came.

As a ghost brushed aside by the morning, is the tale of our  
victories told.  
As shadows trod down by the noonday, with our blood  
grown more wise, or more cold,  
We would sit in the sun in our fashion and worship our  
Gods as of old.

*Art Thou mighty, oh, God, art Thou just?  
Then we, who are trod in the dust,  
We cry to Thy justice to witness how ill these have served  
in their trust.*

The halls of the Orient echo to the footstep of soldier and  
priest;  
As vermin they cling to her garments; as locusts flock  
down to the feast;  
As vultures sink claws in her bosom to tear at the throat  
of the East.

The beautiful temples are shattered and the glorious images  
broke;  
And the holy signs and the wonders, at the shrines where  
the oracles spoke  
Have vanished, like shadows at noonday, or columns of  
wind-driven smoke.

They have broken and banished our princes; the base and  
unclean they set high;  
The rights of our fathers are juggled, and set on the cast  
of a die,  
From the tangle of red in the centre, to the uttermost edge  
of the sky.

*Art Thou mighty, oh, God, art Thou good?  
Then these torrents of innocent blood  
Shall sweep o'er its shedders accusing, to the steps of Thy  
throne in its flood.*

Lo, the round table feast of the brothers, and Esau sits  
down to the feast;  
Lo, the weighing of lands in the balance, and the greatest  
sprung forth from the least;

Lo, the Hour, brought to bed of the Nation, to strike for  
the rights of the East.

And the trump of the Gods on the mountains, that calls to  
the peoples from far,  
That they rise in the mirk of the midnight, and watch for  
the light of the Star,  
Begot at the barbaric bridals, and borne in the travail of  
war.

Such "faith," to the faithless we proffer, as lies in the lie  
of our word;  
Such "brotherhood," bastard-begotten; such "peace" as  
the wars may afford;  
Such "rights" as are spat from the rifles, and caught on  
the point of the sword.

*To the Gods of our race in the distance,  
We cry, with pathetic persistence,  
With the cry of the younger begot, for we claim but the  
right to existence.*

## THE POET'S PROTOTYPE

I envy not the God of Light  
His dalliance with the Dawn;  
I envy not the Queen of Night  
To young Endymion,  
Nor Zeus his compelling might;  
I am Bellerophon.

Men call me mad for that I keep  
A tryst beyond their ken;  
A light above yon upper deep  
Beckons to me again;  
I mount my wingèd steed and sweep  
Beyond the sight of men.

A Splendid Passion is my guest  
Who bars the door to Sleep,  
Who in the dungeons of my breast  
Bids captive Reason weep,  
Who drives the wounded feet of Rest  
Up yonder starry steep.

We mount the path of stars that shine  
Beyond the earth's eclipse;  
From fountains of the Soul Divine  
A Radiant Madness drips;  
Gasping, I drink the Hallowed Wine  
With foaming of the lips.

## THE MUSE TO A MERCENARY "POET"

Lackey and scullion! Dost thou seek for hire  
To trail the white robes of the God in mire?  
Think'st thou to fill the bounds of thy base need  
With a King's Ransom, or a Poet's Meed?  
Or wilt thou set the holiest Muse of Art  
A common drab upon the public mart?  
Soul hunger shalt thou know and not be fed;  
Though thy gross body find its fill of bread.  
Soul thirst shall parch thee with an arid heat;  
Though pleasant waters sparkle at thy feet.  
Pleasure shall seek and woo thee as a bride;  
Thou shalt arise—filled and unsatisfied.  
A Voice shall cry to thee and thou shalt hear  
Faint through the earth born ringing in thy ear;  
A Light shall shine for thee and thou shalt see  
With clouded vision, dim and fitfully;  
Voice and Light beckon to thee, but never again  
Through all thy dolorous days of joy or pain  
Shalt thou the Sword, or the Lost Clew regain.  
Dust of the earth! Clay of the common clay!  
Go down to shadows with thy little day.  
But till thy night fall, my revenge I wreak,  
The Agony of Lips that may not Speak.









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